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OCTOBER 22, 1968

t Really Happened In Greece
BY JAMES BURNHAM

NATIONAL REVIEW

MEMO TO: American Conservatives
FROM: Barry Goldwater

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EORGE WALLACE

Barry Goldwater

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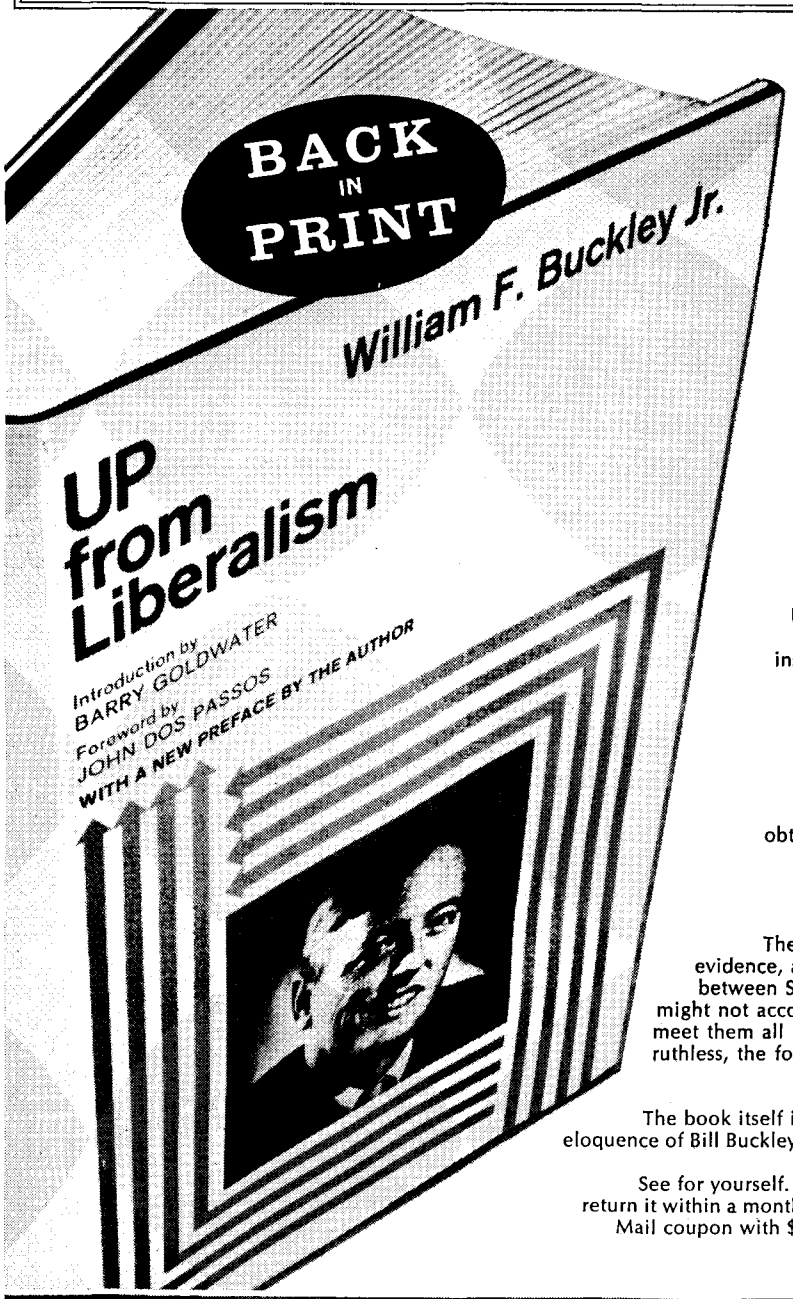
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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 42

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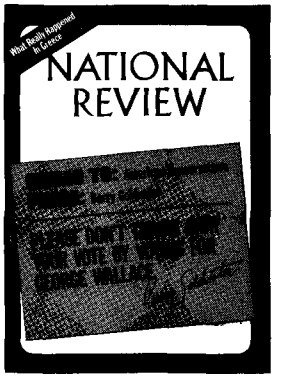
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Max Rafferty—say, isn't he that schoolteacher out in California who upset Tom Kuchel in the primary last spring? Some sort of crusader for old-fashioned textbooks, right? Colorful chap, they say. —They're saying more out West just now, where the betting is that Rafferty, colorful Blue Max, may well win, thus making California the first state in the nation with a triple-threat conservative leadership. And we're all getting to know more about Max Rafferty, for instance **Jeffrey Hart**, who flew out to Sacramento one hot, dusty day recently to meet the man, and found that behind Rafferty the educator, orator, pamphleteer and vote-getter there stands "one of the most interesting figures on the current political scene, and one of the most complex." Hart's full-length portrait begins on page 1053. . . . And **Barry Goldwater** wants a word with all of you Wallace-leaning conservatives, those of you who still subscribe to *NR*. A vote for Wallace, says Mr. Goldwater, is contra-indicated, both by its predictably disastrous consequences in the electoral tally and by its potentially ruinous effect on the two-party system. And while you're on the subject, see also "And Anyway Is Wallace a Conservative?" by Congressman **John Ashbrook**, Chairman of the American Conservative Union, page 1048, and **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**'s "Nixon and Wallace," page 1080. . . . **Suzanne Labin** says that the Soviet repression of Czechoslovakia was pre-eminently an act of censorship. "The characteristic trait of Communism," she notes, "is not the collectivization of the means of production and exchange, it is the subjugation of minds." Mme. Labin is the author of over a dozen anti-Communist books.



■ **James Burnham** went to Athens to watch while Greece voted in its new constitution. His report appears on page 1062. . . . From London **Anthony Lejeune** relays the British reaction to the American Presidential campaigns. Bad show, but could be worse. Has been, in fact. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about two citizens' formations in Indianapolis, one to combat crime and one to combat interracial tensions.

■ Robert McNamara's book on his years as SecDef gets the massive treatment from **William R. Kintner**. Mr. Kintner, Deputy Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, is a co-author (with Robert Strausz-Hupé and Stefan T. Possony) of *Protracted Conflict* and *A Forward Strategy for America*. . . . **Jared Lobdell** is a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin. . . . **Guy Davenport** rediscovers a classic of the Russian Revolution. . . . **C. H. Simonds** instructs the over-thirties, subject: rock.

Max Rafferty on Education
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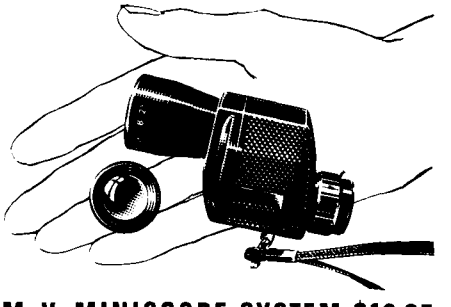

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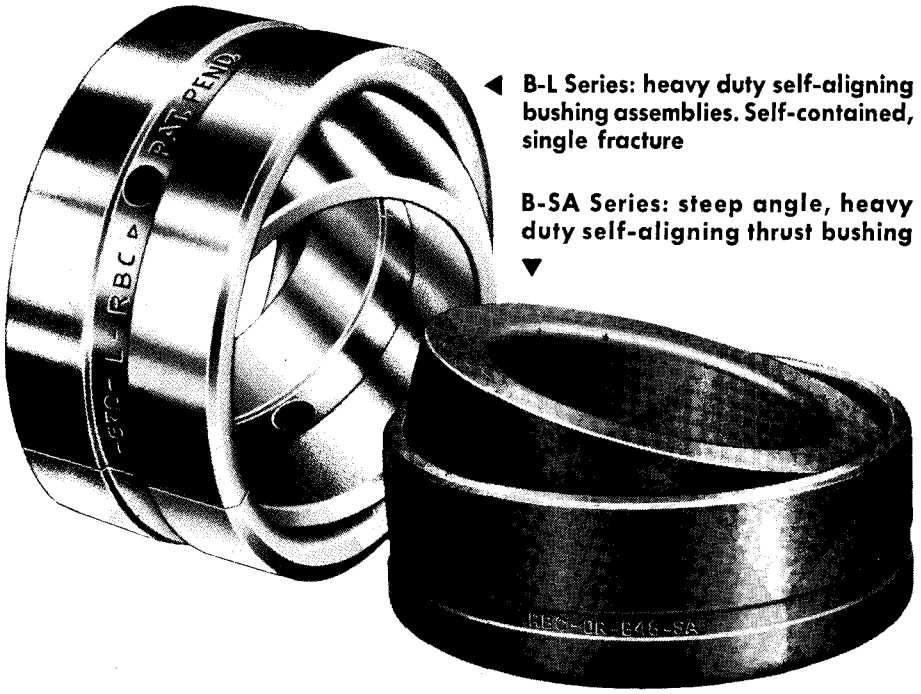

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LETTERS

History as Propaganda

As a graduate student in history, I wish to applaud Professor Brudnoy's article, "Black Power and the Campus" [Oct. 8]. The demand that black teachers should handle "black" subjects is certainly racist in character and should be exposed as such. The inability of the administrators at many of our "prestige" colleges to refuse any black demands is sickening.

This article suggests allied problems which also warrant treatment. The question of black history—so much of it contrived and even false—should be explored carefully. There is a real danger that history will be reduced to the role of propaganda.

Charlottesville, Va. JAMES W. ELY JR.

Propaganda as History

I share with Nathaniel Weyl ["New Mythology of the Negro Past," Oct. 8] his distaste for the unrealistic over-glorification of Negro achievement. I hold no brief against Weyl's reviews of *A Glorious Age in Africa* and *Black History,* which seem judicious. Nor is there anything in Mr. Weyl's general remarks with which I, as a (Caucasian) student of Negro history, take serious issue. But he makes a few remarks, in re *Teacher's Guide to American Negro History* which are, unfortunately, ignorant.

Mr. Weyl's remarks about Reconstruction are askew. He quotes James Ford Rhodes as his final authority. Rhodes, a turn-of-the-century scholar, has long been superseded by newer, more facts-conscious historians, who have found that Rhodes' prejudices seriously weakened his conclusions. Such works as Vernon Lane Wharton's *The Negro in Mississippi Politics* (1947) and John Hope Franklin's *Reconstruction* (1961) as well as Eric McKitrick's *Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction* (1960) and W. R. Brock's *An American Crisis* (1962), *inter alia,* have substantially, factually refuted many of Rhodes' contentions. Mr. Weyl should read them.

Mr. Weyl's quotation from C. Vann Woodward, re Southern attitudes of *noblesse oblige,* are, first, out of context, and, secondly, quixotic—with all due respect to Mr. Woodward, our finest Caucasian historian of the South. Katz's view, though simplistic, comes closer to the mark, at least as far as I've been able to determine from wide reading in the subject.

Mr. Weyl's implied dismissal of the first-rate work of Professor Franklin is odd, especially as Franklin is the most scrupulous of modern Negro historians of

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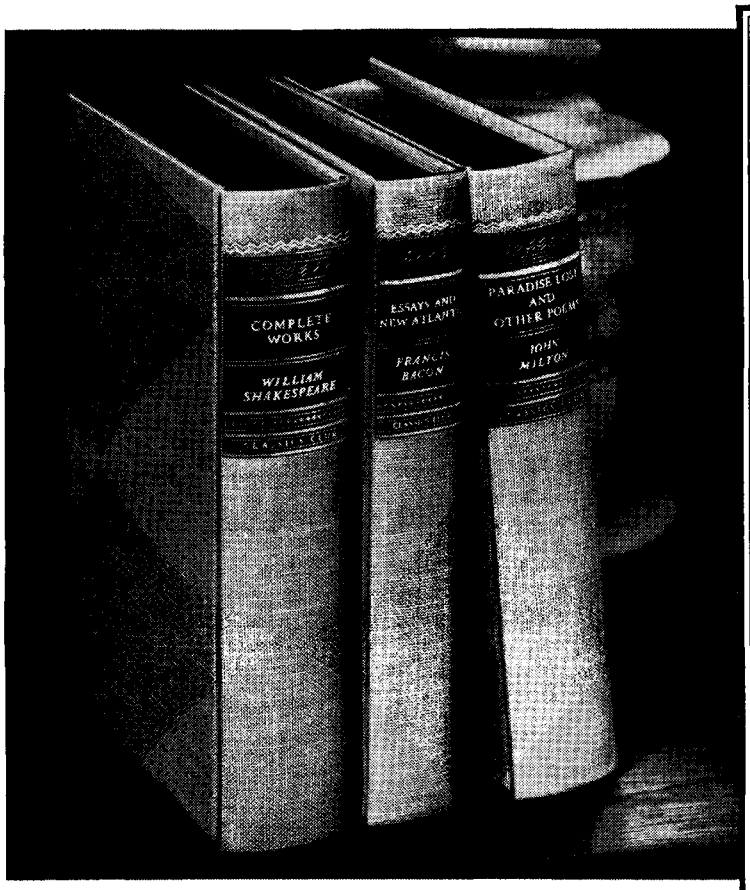

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the Negro, and as his major work, *From Slavery to Freedom,* 3rd rev. ed., 1967, is almost unbelievably fair to all of the several viewpoints about Negro problems; Franklin's own view, naturally pro-Negro, is grounded in considerable reliable research. To dismiss Franklin so cavalierly is unbecoming to a man of Mr. Weyl's caliber.

Finally, Mr. Weyl does in Herbert Aptheker because Aptheker is a "leading Communist Party spokesman on the Negro question." Aptheker is that; he is also a seminal historian whose works, however tainted with Marxist drivel, are in some few cases, at least, historical landmarks. In the same vein of character assassination, Mr. Weyl casts out Malcolm's *Autobiography* because of one of Carl Rowan's opinions—which opinion is true, as far as it goes, but which nowhere acknowledges the significance of the *Autobiography* or hints at its significance both as a piece of literature and as a testament of confessional conversion. The *Autobiography* is disquieting, but it is brilliant, as Katz infers. I applaud Mr. Weyl for revealing Katz's "shoddy misrepresentation of American Negro history" but I dearly wish he had been a bit more careful himself.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

Nathaniel Weyl's review of a *Teacher's Guide* by Loren Katz, at first glance, appears to deflate both an author's reputation and a new approach to history. After considerable reflection and research, though, this reader arrived at a different conclusion. Since Weyl's critique rests on bad history, colored by his own bias, it falls short of both objectives.

On Negro heroes. (1) N.W. is correct in that (a) Matzelinger's machine did not produce the whole shoe, but L.K. is correct in that (b) it did revolutionize the industry by cutting the cost of a shoe in half. The United Shoe Machinery Co. of Boston purchased it and went on to become a worldwide and multi-million dollar firm. (2) L.K. claimed that Drew developed, not initiated, the blood bank system which the American Red Cross modeled its WWII operations after. (3) Temple did invent the toggle-harpoon, also referred to as toggle-iron, but its effect on the whaling industry remains conjectural. (4) N.W.'s comment on Mrs. Walker's hairstyling business seems irrelevant if not inflammatory. (5) Rillieux's vacuum pan, according to the *Encyclopedia Americana,* "revolutionized the process of sugar refining." Why? It dramatically cut down the inefficiency and waste created by "evaporation in open vessels over direct flames."

On Reconstruction. (1) Undoubtedly, L.K. overstates the case for Negro politicians, but you cannot ignore the work of Robert Brown Elliot, Hiram Revels, Blanche K. Bruce, and Francis L. Cardozzo, mulatto son of a Jewish economist.

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South Carolina's educational system, for example, owed much to Cardozzo's efforts. (2) N.W.'s citation of James Ford Rhodes reveals either (a) his limited knowledge of Reconstruction history or (b) his own conservative bias. Rhodes on slavery is acceptable to most current historians, but Rhodes on the Negro is pure "white supremacy" *vis-à-vis* the later Randall-Dunning school. (3) It is utter nonsense to deny Southern "fear and hatred" toward the Negroes after the Civil War. C. Vann Woodward in *Strange Career of Jim Crow* chronicles this dread. N.W.'s quotation of Woodward, moreover, seems lifted out of context, for he qualified that statement: "It would be wrong to exaggerate the amount of interracial association and intimacy produced during Reconstruction or to misconstrue its character and meaning." Which was? He found it "strained," "temporary," and "self-conscious." The Black Codes of the 1860s, race riots, and the murder of many Negro politicians followed in the period.

On historians recommended by Katz. (1) His praise of John Hope Franklin is not really "revealing" since most historians generally respect the man for his scholarship. (2) Herbert Aptheker's political associations aside, he does write some very good history. Read his version of Nat Turner for the unbowdlerized account of a slave revolt which Bill Styron finds so hard to depict in his *Confessions*. (3) N.W.'s additional revelations about Malcolm X's criminal record fall in the same category as the above and in no way detract from the essential human tragedy of a black man's sufferings in our white society. Indeed, this "responsible American" finds fault only with the reviewer, for he lacks any simpático necessary to review Black History.

New York, N.Y. RICHARD W. PIH

Not that it's a matter of great moment but Nathaniel Weyl didn't complete his homework.

Lewis Temple, a New Bedford Negro in the business of manufacturing whaling gear, did invent a satisfactory toggle iron or harpoon in 1848 as claimed by Mr. Katz.

My authority for the above is Clifford W. Ashley's classic, *The Yankee Whaler*. Mr. Ashley ranks second to no one on the subject. To quote: "It is safe to say that the Temple toggle was the most important single invention in the whole history of whaling, since it resulted in the capture of a far greater proportion of the whales that were struck. . . ."

New York, N.Y. ROBERT STICKER

Nixon's Cabinet

In discussing Nixon's conduct of his campaign in your October 8 issue you say, "We shall have to take a good deal on faith; faith that when he gets the vote he needs, and no longer has to submit to that frightful wooing ritual mass democracy

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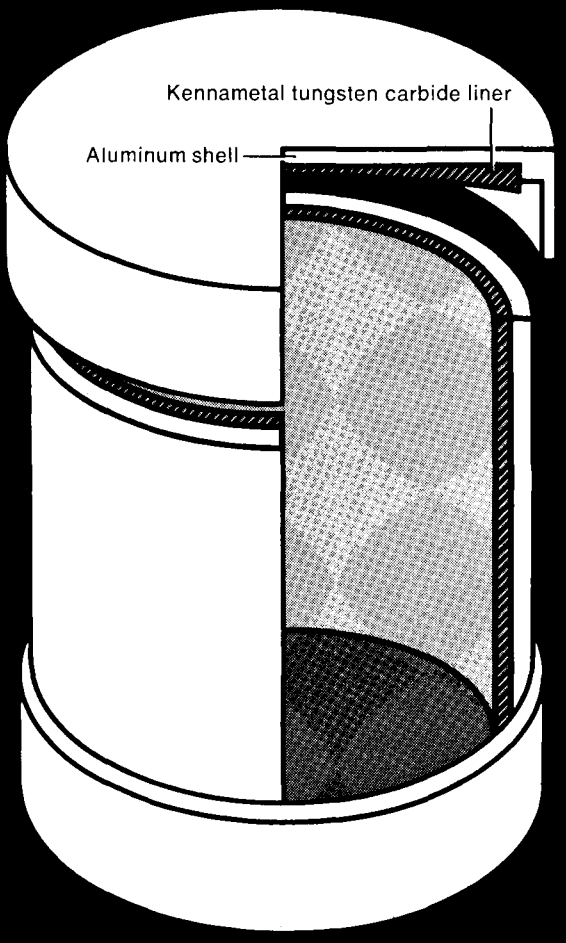

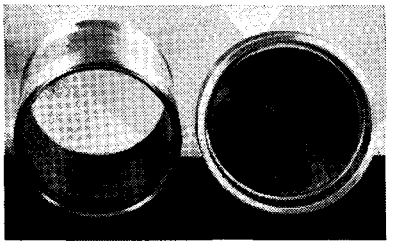

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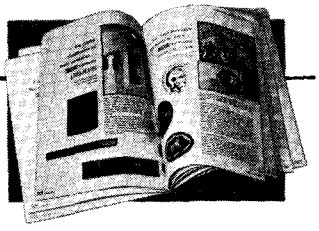

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imposes on its leaders, he will speak with clearer, firmer, less neutrally balanced voice."

We wish we could go along with that, but it is most difficult to do in view of widely published news items to the effect that identified liberals such as Rockefeller, Scranton, Romney and Volpe are likely to be chosen for Cabinet posts in a Nixon Administration. The thought of a Cabinet with even two or three such "Republicans" in it pushes strong conservatives away from Nixon with irresistible force. Into the arms of you-know-who!

S. Duxbury, Mass. R. J. WHITTIER

The Union and the Schools

I certainly agree that local control of the schools is better than a central board for the same reasons you so eloquently espouse concerning local control *v.* federal control [The Week, Oct. 8]. However, this is true only as long as the local control is truly interested in education and not using the control of the educational system for other reasons (i.e. segregation, integration, establishment of "racial" power, black or white etc.).

But how can you say that these local boards should be empowered to negotiate with a teachers' union when these local boards are not the ones responsible for raising the revenue? True, the central board could give the local boards a limit within which they could negotiate, but if they don't have complete control then in effect the union is still negotiating with the central board.

Therefore until such time as the local boards are responsible for raising taxes to run their own schools, union negotiations should realistically remain with the central board.

Forest Hills, N.Y. NORMAN GARNER

Derailing Twain

I suspected from the start that if I read NATIONAL REVIEW long enough I would come across something I could agree with. Today was your lucky day.

Tom Sawyer should not be read backwards. You're quite right. But consider this: better backwards than not at all. The sort of scholarship you take occasion to hold hands with the venerable Mr. Wilson to abhor is the very fruit of the "pseudo-intellectual" loom which the megacephalic Mr. George Wallace promises to smash to slivers and drive over with his motor car.

Haven't I a recollection of the banning of *Huckleberry Finn* in Southern and other parts of the United States? Might we then anticipate the complete elimination of Mark Twain's works, whether in scholarly presentations, hidebounds, or paperbacks, during the encroaching Wallace years?

But Mr. McLuhan tells us this is not a literary age in any case, so why bemoan the disappearance of a few books?

New York, N.Y. F. X. MCGURK

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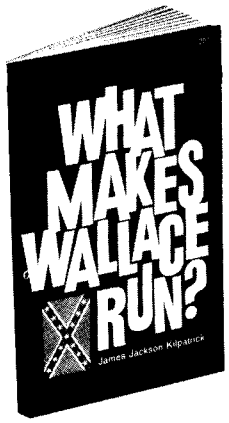
What Makes Wallace Run?



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The New Left and the Right

I was thoroughly intrigued by Garry Wills' fine article "Convention in the Streets" that appeared in *NR*, Sept. 24. The "Establishment" that these offspring of the Old Left seek to smash is, in large measure, a creation of that old-style liberalism, a system that, as some have suggested, conservatives have no vested interest in preserving. But, while we conservatives might be well advised to avoid casting our lot with either the Old or New Left, we should realize that the toppling of the great liberal monolith—an overthrow somehow implicit in both the passionate intensity of the New and the masochistic impotence of the Old—could very well cause a tremor and a quake that will bury us all. The "soft and shaggy" approach is most reminiscent of nineteenth-century Russia, Nechaev, the Nihilists.

Admittedly, many of the specific issues raised by the New Left are similar to those raised by the young-conservative movement since its inception in 1960, e.g. academic reforms, electoral reforms, "a choice not an echo," etc. And admittedly, there is much in American life today that is disturbing. The tragedy of the New Left is that its antics will only tend to compromise those of us—conservative and non-conservative alike—who are seriously concerned about the great sense of spiritual dissolution that today weighs so heavily on our nation—just as the ranting of racist demagogues has so degraded both the States' Rights and law and order issues.

Tampa, Fla. JOSEPH S. PECORELLA

Scusi!

Many Irishmen, God bless them, have spearheaded the conservative crusade generally and certainly have been in the forefront of efforts to establish and sustain the N.Y. Conservative Party. Surely, the literature will tell you that—articles in NATIONAL REVIEW, for instance.

I read and re-read M. Stanton Evans' "Life in the Petrified Forest" [Aug. 13] and I couldn't turn up one Italian name. I quote: ". . . and a Republican-Conservative was elected mayor of Mt. Vernon. Another enrolled Conservative, Edmund Sarver, was elected a county supervisor from Mt. Vernon." Why wasn't Mt. Vernon Mayor Petrillo's name mentioned? And what about that fellow named Modugno (he's been making noises)? And there was a gentleman called Paolucci—remember him? There have been numerous prominent Italians connected with the N.Y. Conservative Party. Must this fact be played down?

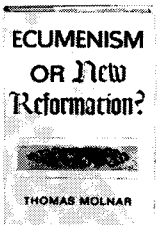
Conservatives don't believe in conscious efforts at ethnic balance, or in "ethnic balance" for that matter. But there are extremes.

SYLVIA DEBLASI

Woodhaven, N.Y.

What does Thomas Molnar think...

About modernizing the church?



Is it unavoidable, in bringing the Roman Catholic Church up to date, that we must imitate the secular orientation of this materialistic era? Accept its desacralized values? Thomas Molnar thinks not.

In *Ecumenism or New Reformation?* he explains his belief that the principles of an ecumenical church will dilute religious values and dissipate moral energies more than they will broaden religious life.

Ecumenism or New Reformation?
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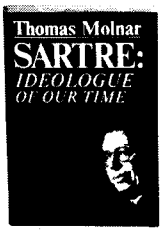
And the pursuit of utopia?



To Thomas Molnar, our century's main ideological theme has been its passionate commitment to utopia. And Jean-Paul Sartre has been its most powerful exponent. In *Sartre: Ideologue of Our Time,* the author traces the phases that led the young philosopher to a revolutionary ideology, and the existentialist humanist to Marxist militancy. Mr. Molnar concludes that "Sartre is the last loyal keeper of the Marxist enclave in Utopia."

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THE WEEK

■ Union membership has been growing far more slowly than total employment. Six out of ten new jobs are in civil service. The unions have been notably unsuccessful in gaining new members among the blue-collar workers. That is why almost every recent strike has involved the question of compulsory union membership in one form or another (if they won't join us, we'll force 'em to join us), and also why the union chieftains are so eager to extend their dominion into the ranks of public servants. But look at the bright side. The day may come when the Internal Revenue Service goes out on strike.

■ It ain't just Labor that's giving Hubert trouble this year. George Gallup has divvied up the voters into 21 groupings and reports these preferences: Not one of the blocs favors Wallace. Humphrey is the solid choice of non-whites and Jews and edges out Nixon in the Catholic vote. Nixon ranks first among big city residents, middle-sized city residents, small city residents, suburbanites, rural folk, the young, the middle-aged, the old, college graduates, high school graduates, grade school graduates, professional and business workers, clerks and salesmen, manual laborers, Protestants, whites, men and women. And that, as Hubert Humphrey's boss used to say, is called consensus politics.

■ It's all pushing and shoving now in the New York City school crisis. The Board of Education has fired Rhody McCoy, the community-appointed head of the experimentally "decentralized" Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district, and seven of his aides. The 83 teachers whom McCoy had fired, members all of the United Federation of Teachers, are to be reinstated. Appeased, the UFT has grandly agreed not to renew its illegal, citywide strike *unless* . . . unless things go on much as they have before, with no give on either side. The union's attitude from the start has been punitive, strictly labor-management, rather than conciliatory. John O'Neill, the only union official to propose a moderating solution (put the teachers back, he said, but let McCoy make the assignments), has been busted. McCoy, an able administrator with an impeccably interracial hiring policy, is now vowing to meet the ofay in the schoolhouse door. Yes, integration dies hard. Despite all the official talk of decentralization, no one wants to admit that predominantly black communities can and should run their own schools. Livingston Wingate, a former lieutenant of Adam Clayton Powell's and now executive director of the New York Urban League, put it on the line last week: "It cannot be denied that through the principle of decentralization we have officially abandoned integration. If this be so, we must redefine the relationships of residents of separated areas with all of their institutions, including a citywide Board of Education, unions, political institutions, etc." Tell it to the Board of Ed. Tell it to the unions. The political institutions, willy nilly, will take care of themselves.

■ Mr. Robert B. Semple Jr., reporter for the *New York Times,* finds Hubert Humphrey's oratory distasteful. He notes, for instance (Oct. 4) that Humphrey accuses Richard Nixon of being a captive of "extremist" elements and trying to "set group against group, race against race." He further notes that Humphrey usually links Nixon and Wallace in the same breath in making these charges. Is Humphrey indulging himself in a smear campaign against Nixon? Semple prefers a trickier interpretation: "This is rough language," says Semple of Humphrey, and it is "not really supportable if Mr. Nixon's own frequent appeals for social justice and reconciliation are to be believed." Mr. Semple should be, and hereby is, instructed that Humphrey has indeed published a smear—and if it's any comfort to Mr. Semple he can take *our* word for it, not Nixon's. After all, we're the least tricky people we ever met.

■ In Peru the autocratic rule of the Incas lasted five hundred years and was replaced by the autocratic rule of the Spaniards which lasted three hundred years and was replaced by the autocratic rule of the oligarchs which lasted one hundred years and was replaced by the pseudo-autocratic rule of a series of military and civil regimes, the last of which fell last week, to be replaced in due course by more of the same.

■ The Kremlin, logically enough, is following up its military advance to the Bavarian border by a political offensive against West Germany. The West German government, noting the passivity of the United States before, during and after the Czech invasion and the failure of NATO to make any serious counter-moves, shows signs of softening. Chancellor Kiesinger's comments are so unprovocative as to be humble. He sees no reason why the Czech affair should interfere with West Germany's expanding trade with the East European nations. Soviet propaganda denounces the right-wing National Democratic Party (NDP) as one proof of reviving Nazism and revanchism, and demands its dissolution. The demand is echoed by West German publicists. Bonn not only shows no indignation at this brazen interference in West German internal affairs, but indicates it might comply "as a sign of good faith." West Berlin, pressed also by its left-wing students, seems almost ready to do so. Whatever the truth about the allegedly fascist character of the NPD, its banning, as Moscow understands, would throw the whole balance of West German politics leftward toward appeasement.

■ The International PEN (Poets, Essayists, Novelists) Club, or anyway its executive committee, has passed a resolution urging the restoration of freedom for Czechoslovakian writers. Fine—that's more than the UN has done. But also curious—because another resolution condemning the Soviet-led invasion—condemning, that is,

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the proximate cause of the Czech writers' present unfreedom—was abandoned after angry debate throughout which President Arthur Miller kept counseling "moderation." Perhaps the pen-pals felt that to condemn the invasion would be to dabble in politics. Creative people like to steer clear of politics—but sometimes, as in occupied Czechoslovakia, politics won't steer clear of them.

■ Ludek Pachman of Czechoslovakia is an International Grandmaster of chess, world-renowned for his series of books analyzing opening theory. He has won many international chess tournaments, has several times been the National Champion of Czechoslovakia, and has played either first or second board for Czechoslovakia's team in the World Chess Olympiad in every one of the eight such contests since 1952.

Chess Life is the leading English-language chess periodical, the monthly official organ of our Federation. Ludek Pachman regularly contributes theoretical articles to *Chess Life*. Here is Pachman's letter to *Chess Life*:

Prague, September 1, 1968

Chess Life, New York
Dear friends,
In the next months I shall not be able to send my theoretical articles because I have another task now.

During the seven heroic days I was editor of one of the daily newspapers published illegally in Prague. After that I decided to don't accept the capitulation called "agreement of Moscow" and to continue the fight until the end.

We are few here doing it but we are decided to continue. Our opponents have tanks, planes, rockets and eventually atom and hydrogen bombs. This weapons are completely ridiculous to us because we have paper and ideas.

They have no chances and we are not to be stopped because the ideas are immortal. We know well, we are alone and we cannot expect any help from anybody. This fact only increases our responsibility.

If I am the last one, I have to continue. You have to understand me well: I like very much my people and this is the only way to save the honor of my people. Since 23 years I have been Communist and this is the only way to save my destroyed and tortured soul.

I hope to come back to chess once more.

Please publish this letter expressing my best wishes to all American chess players.

Yours,
Ludek Pachman
Prague

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Mother Love

■ The flap over Eldridge Cleaver's lecture stint at Berkeley has obscured the story of one George Mason Murray, another Black Panther whose education star is shooting equally high into the California haze. Murray has been hired this term as a teaching assistant in the English department at San Francisco State College. His published work includes some juicy quotes in the August 25 issue of *Granma*, newspaper of the Cuban Communist Party, such as "Every time a guerrilla knocks out a U.S. soldier, that means one aggressor less against those who fight for freedom in the United States." Or, "The defeat of the murderers of mankind will come as soon as we create a few more Vietnams, Cubas and Detroits." One expects a rather selective reading list from Mr. Murray, inasmuch as his thinking "is inspired by Che Guevara, Malcolm X, Lumumba, Ho Chi Minh and Mao Tse-tung."

■ The Twenty-Third Session (*Boomlay-boom!*) of the General Assembly (*Tarantara!*) of the United Nations (*Ho-hum*) has convened. Emilio Arenales of Guatemala, newly-elected president of the Assembly, reminded delegates that "We must not ask the UN what it can do for its members, but ask the members and their peoples what they can do for the UN"—in spite of which U Thant did the U.S. the favor of telling it to Stop the Bombing. Swaziland (Pop. 400,000) was admitted as the 125th member, prompting speculation that as ministates proliferate, and continue to play off maxistates against one another, the big powers will do less and less of their horse-trading in the UN, reserving it for propaganda. It is universally understood that Vietnam, Czechoslovakia and Nigeria/Biafra will not be put on the agenda, just talked about a lot, and that Red China will not be admitted again this year, and that the Middle East (carried over from last year's agenda) will continue to be a problem. Like we said, ho-hum.

■ Britannica's Great Books have just issued their annual supplement in a book called *The Great Ideas Today—1968*. The public will want to know that the great ideas of the past twelve months have been given to us by Eugene McCarthy, Theodore Sorensen, Richard Rovere and Arthur Schlesinger.

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Down and We Hope Out

The voice of Lyndon Johnson echoed ever more feebly through the halls of the Capitol as the 90th Congress wearily folded its tents. Repeated Presidential urging was not enough even to bring the issue of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty to the Senate floor. Its chance for approval this year collapsed under the combined weight of the Czechoslovak invasion and Richard Nixon's Nixonian comment that he thought it ought to be approved some time but not now. (Why not now, if some time, one wonders? If it's a good and workable proposal, surely the sooner it becomes operative the better. But no doubt that's logic, not politics.)

The non-proliferation treaty has never made much sense to us. Moscow wants it because the Communists believe that with U. S. ratification attached there will be a permanent and enforceable guarantee against West Germany's ever getting nuclear arms. Washington wants it because, well, because we are against war and for disarmament and scared of nuclear weapons (beginning with our own) and anxious to press wherever possible for Soviet-American convergence. But France and China already have their H-bombs and have sworn they will never sign the treaty. And how preposterous anyway for two powers, however super, to be asking all other nations to renounce forever the weapons system that alone permits true national autonomy in the contemporary world! To be asking this and at the same time not giving or being able to give the other nations any absolute assurance against nuclear attack. Besides, it is far from self-evident that nuclear arms in the hands of certain friends or allies would necessarily be disadvantageous either to our security or to peace. So let's wait quite a while before dusting it off.

The IMF Meeting

The free world's central bankers and chief financial managers met in Washington a couple of weeks ago without visible result. The United States, under the confused guidance of Henry Fowler, had hoped to cut the international monetary system free from any guarantees concerning the convertibility of gold and the dollar. South Africa hoped to carry the day with its assertion that the charter of the IMF requires the central banks to buy gold when it is offered at the originally established price of $35 an ounce (or the equivalent in other currencies which are tied to the dollar, plus or minus one per cent). European bankers had hoped to push Washington's nose into the dirt of common sense and extract a solemn pledge to stop inflation, balance the internal and external accounts, and "shape up." Everyone had hoped that the free market in gold would dry up and go away—i.e., drop to something so close to $35 an ounce that the discrepancy would become insignificant.

Mr. Fowler was unsuccessful. Some sort of interim compromise was agreed upon, under which the IMF will make certain that gold will not be allowed to trade at less than $35 an ounce. This will guarantee the dollar-value of foreign bank reserves and assure South Africa of a minimum price for her output of fresh gold (which is three-quarters of the free world production).

South Africa didn't get everything she asked for. True, the $35 "floor" seems established as a starter, but it is by no means certain that it will apply to unlimited offerings of gold. The bankers tried to get South Africa to agree to offer gold, at this guaranteed price, only in certain disastrous conditions. South Africa refused for the moment. An uneasy compromise over the next few months will doubtless be arrived at.

The European bankers appear to have had as little success as always in imposing sound financial practices on the most irresponsible money managers in American history. Perhaps it was too much to expect anything but quackery from a lame duck?

And the gold market didn't dry up. Indeed, it shot straight up again to its summertime average of about $40 in London, once the Washington conference concluded. It is quite clear that the impasse continues all round while the fundamental fissures open wider and wider. The whole international monetary structure of the free world is now held together by nothing more than the willingness of European bankers to lend reserves to London and Washington.

Abe Fortas Bites the Dust

Did the senators really refuse Abe Fortas their confirmation as Chief Justice because of those dirty movies and that $15,000 lecture fee? The Senate moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. We don't pretend to be experts on senatorial motives, but this is a case in which we are happy to commend the result.

Abe Fortas is certainly not the worst qualified citizen to serve on the Supreme Court or to be nominated as Chief Justice. In intelligence, legal expertise, and know-how he is one of the best. Nevertheless the Senate did well to turn him down. For better or worse the Supreme Court now interprets its coordinate functioning in our system of government to include political, economic and sociological dimensions that in the abstract would seem to be confined to the legislative and executive branches. This expansion of the Court's role is accepted in practice by the nation. Though some future Court might exhibit more restraint than Warren's there is no likelihood of a return to a narrow definition of judicial action. It therefore becomes essential to evaluate appointments to the Court by broad criteria, and to try to relate the conduct of the Court integrally to the coordinate branches and to the system of government in its entirety.

From this perspective it is not proper that a President whose Administration has been so manifestly repudiated

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by the nation and who has himself abdicated should make the critical choice of a Chief Justice who will head the Court for many years to come. It is of course his formal constitutional right to nominate a candidate, as it is the constitutional right of the Senate to decline to go along. The nation will next month have its chance to pronounce a verdict on the Johnson years and to select its new leadership. That new leadership, more nearly expressing the will of the voters, should and, thanks to the Senate, will discharge the duty of filling any vacancies on the Court.

There may be quite a number to fill. For reasons of age or health Justices Warren, Black, Harlan and Douglas will probably step down before long. It seems unlikely, after so bitter a public rebuke, that Justice Fortas will wish to serve out much more than the present term. This means that the next President will quite probably be appointing a majority of the full bench.

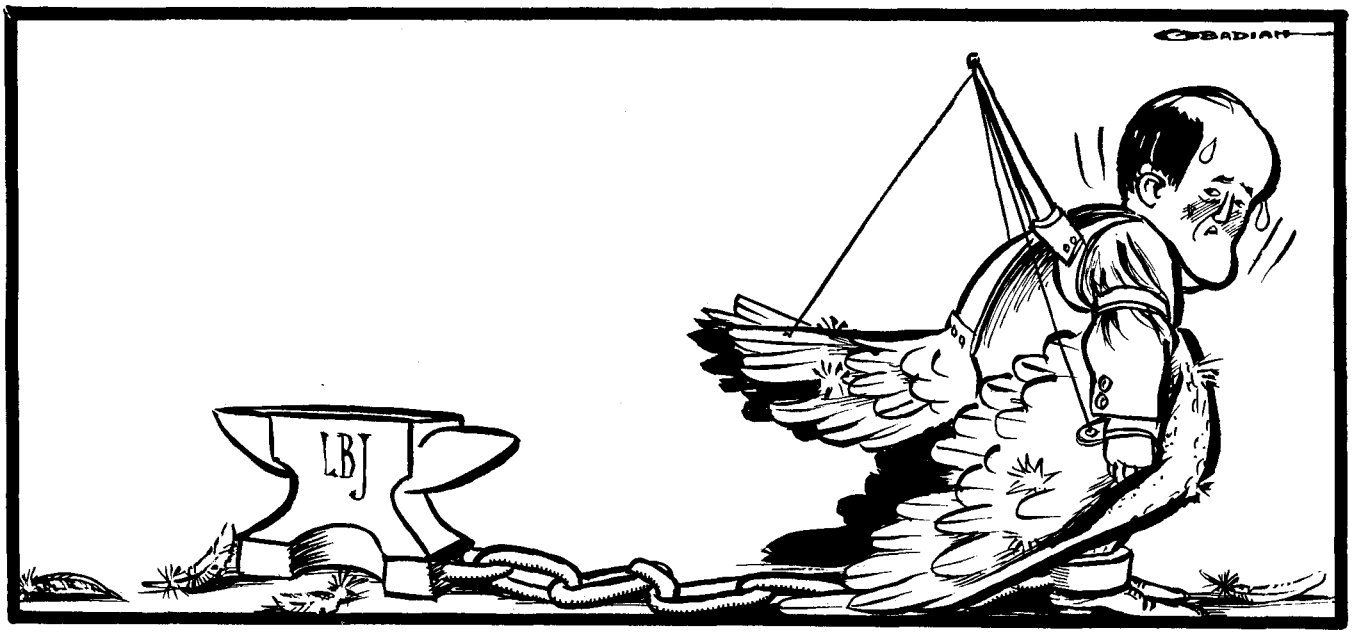
Generals Rush In...

General Curtis LeMay is probably the world's best strategic airman. As Chief of Staff of the Air Force, he was a forceful, clear-sighted member of the nation's highest military command. His book, *America Is In Danger,* published earlier this year, proves the seriousness with which he has pondered the role of this country in a divided, nuclear world. Unfortunately, by his choice of his new Commander-in-Chief, General LeMay shows that in his dedicated and distinguished career he has lacked either the time or the aptitude to learn a little something about politics. For the very best of reasons—loyalty to his country, concern for the dangers it faces, and resolve to take action in its service—General LeMay has put himself to the uses of a man inferior to himself in every respect but glibness and a talent for exploiting the demagogic potential of the democratic political process. He has violated the first principles of his own art and science of strategy: he has joined combat on unfamiliar terrain without possessing the requisite information, training, equipment or plan.

At one point in his acceptance address General LeMay proved himself an accurate prophet: "I know I will be misquoted." This is what instantly and everywhere happened to his remarks on nuclear weapons. Let them be repeated: "We seem to have a phobia about nuclear weapons. I think to most military men nuclear weapons are just another weapon in the arsenal. Nuclear war would be horrible. To me any war is horrible. . . . But if I found it necessary, I would use anything that we could dream up—anything we could dream up, including nuclear weapons—if it was necessary. . . . My desire is not to use any weapon. But once the time comes that you have to fight, I would use any weapon that we have in the arsenal that was necessary. I do not believe nuclear weapons are necessary in Vietnam. And I hope they'll not be necessary to be used at any time. But I'm certainly not going to stand up here and tell our enemies that I advocate that, under all circumstances, I am not going to use nuclear weapons."

This intelligent, straightforward stand is based on the realities of contemporary arms and America's position in the contemporary global structure. It is identical in substance with the point of view often expressed by Dwight Eisenhower. But because it is now voiced by George Wallace's junior officer, it is automatically discounted and muddied. Such words as these would be smeared in any case, but more of the smear sticks when they reach the public ear as an element in the sly, insinuating, unlaced, gut-pulling rhetoric of the Wallace campaign.

"I am a moderate Republican," General LeMay asserted, "maybe a little on the right side." The cause of



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And Anyway Is Wallace a Conservative?

I am surprised that many people still consider George Wallace a fiscal conservative, for his record shows that he is a big spender—of other people's money. He served in his state legislature for six years, and a close friend described him this way: "George was one of the most liberal members of the legislature. He was for all the liberal measures and never once mentioned segregation. The race question did not show up until he ran for governor." When Wallace did become governor the only change was in his increasing emphasis upon the race issue. Otherwise he was recognizably liberal, tripling the state debt and promoting the public hand-out. Of course, all this served to aggrandize his personal power.

Once, when he ran against his former political mentor Big Jim Folsom, the two conducted a kind of public auction on the old-age pension issue. Folsom opened the campaign with an eighty-dollar-a-month pledge. Wallace bid $100. Folsom matched him. Wallace went to $110. This is campaigning in the true tradition of the Democratic Party—Hubert Humphrey does it too, only on a national scale. Needless to say, the old-age pension in Alabama remained at about $80 a month. National Democratic campaign promises work out that way too.

THROUGHOUT his career, Wallace has been an apt pupil of Big Jim Folsom. Both were populists (and it is interesting to recall that Folsom was a *Henry* Wallace delegate to the 1944 Democratic convention), and both governed Alabama on a tax-spend basis. They both greatly expanded state spending, and, in natural consequence, the power of government.

Of course, Wallace inveighs against the power of the Federal Government, but he does this only because of its racial policies. Otherwise he has been right there at the federal trough. Alabama receives $2.50 from Washington for every tax dollar it pays into the federal treasury. Of Alabama's $110 million welfare budget, $85 million comes from Washington. Only Louisiana has a higher percentage of people on welfare. And 80 per cent of the Alabama state budget is derived from federal grants of one kind or another.

Can this man be credible, therefore, when he promises to reverse the growth of federal power? Does he not grasp the fact that federal power grows in all areas as Washington disposes of more and more revenue? It may be that he understands this all too well, and, in power as President, would greatly increase the federal budget, much as he greatly increased the Alabama budget. This would increase his power.

American conservatives should make no mistake about it. The only thing Wallace has against Washington is its racial policy. In all of his other attitudes he is one of the biggest centralizers of them all. In Alabama he has been a centralizer, vastly expanding state power at the expense of local government. He says, of course, that he is against "government regulation," but inside his own state he has behaved very differently. He has dictated to local school boards. As the state debt has sky-rocketed, power has flowed away from the local communities and into Montgomery. This is the identical policy the Democrats have pursued on the national level.

THIS will to expand the the central power is the deeper meaning of his contemptuous handling of the Alabama constitution. He is anything but a strict constructionist. The constitutional provision to the effect that a governor cannot succeed himself was intended as a limitation on the power of a governor: he would not be able to entrench his machine by holding office term after term. When his own term was over, Wallace circumvented the constitution by running his wife Lurleen. Bill Jones, his campaign manager, explained that Wallace "never pretended that Mrs. Wallace would act as governor except for ceremonies." The result of this maneuver was that Wallace actually did expand and entrench his personal power—in flat contradiction to the intent of the constitution. To those who do care about the intent of a constitution, to, I hope, conservatives, George Wallace is about as much of a strict constructionist as Earl Warren.

In many other ways as well, Wallace's attitudes contradict fundamental aspects of conservatism. We know that social institutions are susceptible of becoming rigid and sometimes need to be reformed, but we also respect institutions as the concrete manifestation of human experience and human wisdom. They can be reformed, but they are a priceless inheritance. Wallace often expresses a populist impatience with, even a populist incomprehension of, our institutions. If a judge displeases him, well, he says, let's get another judge. If a professor displeases him, throw the rogue out. Conservatives cannot go along with this. America is now moving in a conservative direction, but let it move under law and in an orderly fashion.

Wallace's candidacy amply demonstrates a frivolous attitude toward our two-party system, a system which has been a principal foundation of our national political stability. Conservatives should abandon that system only in the last contingency, when the possibility of achieving conservative goals no longer exists within it. For we know how unstable the multi-party European governments have always been. We do not lightly toss aside our traditional way, the better way by far. There is room in our parties for disagreement, and a man can make his views count within his party—that is, unless his sole objective is personal notoriety and personal power.

I WOULD also like to point out that Wallace has repeatedly demonstrated a chameleon-like character which is anathema to our conservative commitment to consistency of principle. When he is campaigning in the back-country, he really "pours it on" as far as the Negro issue is concerned, but out in public view he talks plausibly of patriotism, the need for law and order, and the well-known failures of the liberals. In one campaign he ran as a racial moderate, accusing his opponent of espousing the principles of the Klan. When he

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lost, he turned around and ran the next time as a segregationist.

Another thing that should be called to your attention about George Wallace is that he has not shown much moral discrimination in choosing his associates. As an interim Vice Presidential candidate he picked former governer Marvin Griffin of Georgia, whose scandal-ridden administration prevented him from ever making a political comeback in his own state. This certainly is not a performance which conservatives could endorse. The last thing this country needs is further moral decline in its national leadership.

Nor has Wallace's treatment of genuine conservatives been at all responsible. He has actually had the effrontery to attack Ronald Reagan for having a liberal past—an utterly demagogic attack, since Reagan is now a fine conservative and Wallace knows it. Wallace also endorses liberals like Representative Bob Jones, whose ACA rating is—can you imagine it?—even lower than Jacob Javits'. And it is worth remembering that Wallace was an enthusiastic national Democrat in the tradition of Roosevelt, Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey, but only until racial segregation became a prime issue.

As a conservative, I don't stand for enforced segregation. I stand for freedom, and I think the Constitution does too. But George Wallace's slogan only recently was "segregation forever," and whatever he says now this has been the source of his appeal. In my view, this separates him decisively from the conservative position.

EXCEPT for the race issue, there is no reason why we could not have a Humphrey-Wallace ticket this year, just as we had, for example, a Stevenson-Sparkman ticket in 1952. Between Humphrey and Wallace, aside from the race issue, there is actually very little philosophical difference. If anything, Wallace would be an even more reckless spender and centralizer than Humphrey—if such a thing can be imagined.

In a way, of course, it doesn't really matter that Wallace is not running officially on the Democratic ticket. In a very real sense he *is* on that ticket. Wallace cannot win. But a vote for Wallace is not on that account "wasted." It is really a vote for Humphrey. Without Wallace in the race Humphrey would not have the remotest chance of being elected. Wallace will help Humphrey much as Sparkman helped Stevenson.

ON ALL the important issues facing us today Nixon's stand is markedly different from Humphrey's. As far as law and order are concerned, Nixon has been clear enough, and he speaks with a sense of urgency. He knows that our police forces must be strengthened and that they must have the support of the community in the difficult tasks they perform. Unlike Humphrey, Nixon does not think that the cure for our skyrocketing crime rate is massive federal handouts. He knows that poverty is a cause of crime, but by no means the main one or the only one. The suburbs have crime as well as the slums.

Nixon thinks that the crime rate will drop when the laws are enforced, and when fewer criminals go free on technicalities. He agrees that an atmosphere of permissiveness has pervaded and weakened our judicial system.

He knows that legal knowledge is not the only qualification for a Supreme Court justice, necessary though it is. He knows that these justices must have some understanding of the spirit of our constitutional system. I am certain that his appointments would be suitable ones.

Nixon knows that tolerance of civil disobedience has reached a dangerous point in this country.

He knows that our colleges and universities must be allowed to pursue their proper tasks unhampered by mobs of thugs and malcontents who are Nazis in every way but the uniforms.

As far as Communism is concerned, Nixon was one of the first public figures in America to speak out on the subject, and alert us to the danger. And he did this at a time when the national Democratic Administration was talking about "witch-hunts" and "red herrings."

I do not think that Nixon offers us just more of the same old thing. Both Wallace and Humphrey sound like echoes of the past, of a time when the South was an embattled enclave, of a time when emergency measures were tried for the sake of doing something about the Depression.

In contrast, Nixon is a man of our own time, in touch with the real issues. He deserves the support of conservatives.

—JOHN ASHBROOK

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a moderate Republican a little on the right side cannot prosper in subordination to the political leadership of a freeswinging populist emerged out of the racist wing of the Democratic Party. We record with regret that General LeMay's choice will do bad service to the goals in which he, and we, believe.

Mrs. Murphy and the Number People

First there were the Baltimore Four—the Rev. Philip Berrigan (a Catholic priest), the Rev. James Mengel (a Unitarian minister), David Eberhardt (a pacifist), and Tom Lewis (an artist). A year ago they broke into the Baltimore Customs House and poured duck blood on the files. Then there were the Guatemala Two, or Three. Father Thomas Melville, his brother Father Art, and Sister Marian Peter, of whom the Maryknoll missionaries first became suspicious when they started a guerrilla movement exhorting Guatemalans to take up arms against their government.

When Father Tom married Sister Marian, the Maryknolls tossed them out. Up they came like a shot to Baltimore, to join two of the Baltimore Four (Berrigan and Lewis) and five other Catholics (among them Fr. Philip's perpetually Hanoi-bound brother, Fr. Daniel) in a napalm raid on the Selective Service files in Catonsville, Md. It wasn't easy to get those files out into the parking lot, but the Catonsville Nine fought like tigers. The lady in charge, a Mrs. Murphy, "had to be manhandled repeatedly," Fr. Philip has written—"in the end, her grip had to be forcibly broken from the wire baskets

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heavy with files." The Catonsville Nine are now on trial in Baltimore, which is awash with antiwar demonstrations, appeals for legal defense funds, worship services for peace, and the bloviations of defense attorney William Kunstler, who compares his clients to Socrates and Christ.

Meanwhile, we have the Milwaukee Fourteen, another Catholic contingent, who broke past a cleaning lady to incinerate 5,000 1-A files. We don't know the cleaning lady in Milwaukee, but Mrs. Murphy has been immortalized by Fr. Philip as "a very minor casualty in light of her contribution to atrocity" and "this woman bureaucratized out of her humanity into a fearful caricature of a person." She is, in other words, "a portly, middle-aged Irish matron" who cried, "You awful people! You can't have my files." All of which tells us that she is a good American, very probably a good Catholic, too, to whom therefore we send our greetings. And greetings to all portly, middle-aged Irish matrons, all Mrs. Murphys, all cleaning ladies everywhere who are numberless. May Heaven protect you from the awful Number People.

Padre Pio RIP

Padre Pio (See *NR*, October 17, 1967, p. 1112) was the hottest thing in mysticism in the twentieth century. He received 5,000 letters a week by the 1960s and about 1,500,000 visitors a year. There was a library full of testimony by sane, well-educated, unprejudiced people to the effect that he was really gifted with an odor of sanctity, that he was often reported in two places at the same time, and that he continually, but especially in the confessional, displayed intimate knowledge of the secret thoughts, sins, prayers, temptations and devotional lives of the people he spoke to. There were, it seems, far fewer people who could attest, from thier own observation, to his alleged stigmata. Still, he was the best-authenticated and most closely studied instance of this rare favor since St. Francis, whom he resembled in many ways. He was written up in *Time* in 1949 and in the *New York Times* in 1967. In 1920 Fr. Herbert Thurston S.J., the leading authority in modern times on abnormal mystical phenomena, wrote several studies on "the case of Padre Pio." In 1950 he was visited by Graham Greene and was the inspiration for several of Greene's more controversial plays and novels. By 1964 Luigi Barzini wrote of him in *The Italians* as one of the chief religious forces in Italy. For fifty years, off and on, month after month, all the Italian newspapers carried reports of his miraculous healings. He caused a lot of talk, and although he never said a word in his own defense, he won some extraordinary battles.

The very strength of the Church in Italy naturally leads to a persistent political anti-clericalism. Then, with the war, came the Nazi occupation. It is needless to ask what they thought of the devout mystic of Foggia. After the war the Communists emerged as a political force supported by a third of the nation, with a real chance of taking over. They must have noticed that Padre Pio had the greatest moral prestige of any priest in Italy and, to that extent, was their most dangerous enemy. Pius XII liked him very much; but when Pius died and the ecumenical council of 1962-1965 began, nothing excited the fury, contempt and ridicule of the "liberal" Catholics more than the steady stream of bishops from all over the world paying visits of homage and devotion to Padre Pio. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that he was the enemy of everything the Dutch theologians and the American journalists wanted. (It was not in Rome but in Padre Pio's entourage that one first heard the bitter protests against the Dutch theology expressed in the encyclical *Mysterium Fidei.*) His last public action was a letter to the Pope to endorse, unreservedly, the encyclical *Humanae Vitae.*

There were many who had the strongest reasons to discredit Padre Pio, if they could; to explain Padre Pio, if they could. They all failed. And it is not as though Padre Pio lived in the Dark Ages. He was the contemporary of Freud, who died in 1939, and of Jung, who had the greatest interest in religious phenomena, and who died as late as 1961. These great men had innumerable disciples who wrote innumerable books and edited innumerable journals. Psychiatry and all forms of abnormal psychology made amazing advances. There is far more knowledge now of mental pathology than there ever was. But nothing was any good. There remains a library of uncontradicted testimony by sane, well-educated, unprejudiced people, in all parts of the world, in favor of the telepathy, the bilocations, the fragrances . . .

In perhaps the most famous recent study of religion, Knox's *Enthusiasm,* we read that St. John of the Cross teaches that "a person in the state of union, when asked by a friend for prayers, will forget the request (so deeply is the memory absorbed in God) unless God, meaning to hear that prayer, recalls it to the mind when the time comes." As early as 1915 Padre Pio expressly stated that this had been his own experience; and very many of his visitors, for one reason or another, were convinced that this was true. He never wrote or preached, he had no general message for the world apart from the gospel. He met everyone as an individual, and nothing was so remarkable as the deep sense of personal intimacy and rapport which, without conversation, he established with each member of the large crowd which usually surrounded him. It was striking, too, that his disciples

Step Down

Goodbye. So long. The Warren Court
Will shortly, blessedly, abort.
Earl Warren's pushing 80. Black
Is doddering. A cardiac
Device beats in the Douglas chest.
Soon (soon!) the tinkerers will rest.
Unfortunately, folks, so what?
The bloody Constitution's shot.
Nor can a kiss from Nixon men
Make all the sections well again.

W. H. von Dreele

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included a surprising number of people whose natural tendencies did not seem at all religious; the unbelieving and the hopeless, the spiritually desiccated, the cynical, the sensual, the very rich, the worldy-wise, the middle-aged, were the very people who were drawn to him, who went back to see him again and again. He changed many people's lives, and it was precisely those who found faith the greatest burden who learned from him that it could be a thing not like an idea but (as it was for St. Francis) like a love affair. Like other love affairs it was a matter of betrayals—that was the meaning of the confessional; and of suffering—that was the meaning of the stigmata; and above all of ecstacy—that was the meaning of the perfumes, the bilocations, the inexplicable intimacy with souls.

He died September 23, having carried the open wounds of the stigmata longer than anyone else in history; for fifty years he had not taken a step without the slow, painful gait of a crippled man. When they wanted to call a doctor he said, "Be good fellows, don't call anybody. Those whom I ought to call, I have already called."

F. CLINTON

Notes & Asides

■ We have had a heavy mail during the past weeks, on just about everything we have published, from the fascinating "Assertive Disarmament" (read: maybe we should under certain circumstances bomb Red China's nuclear facilities) to Max Geltman's review of Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer*. But the big big mail concerned Garry Wills' piece on Chicago ("Convention in the Streets," Sept. 24). Phillip Abbot Luce, yesterday's rebel who nowadays speaks to college students (he is himself still in his twenties), said of it that it "captured the essence of the Chicago confrontation" as nobody else's did. Ruth Berenson Muhlen, our art critic, calls it "by far the best I've read anywhere." Ditto from Peter Bird Martin, senior editor of *Time,* and from Alistair Cooke, who Xeroxed copies of it and sent them to English editors, that they too should know.

Some readers found it insufficiently ideologized. Many are against any piece that refers to Them as "the kids," and I kind of see their point, though I don't count because I was born with a prejudice against the word even when used to describe little girls and little boys dancing around a maypole. One correspondent was displeased because we didn't hew hew hew to the conservative line in the piece, but it wasn't of course that kind of piece. It sought mostly to give the reader an impression of what happened, and what was the spirit of the participants.

And then there was some vehement criticism, though not so much as one would suppose, of the use of the four-letter word for sexual intercourse. The question whether to print it was not taken lightly, because we are on the side of those who are on the side of decorum provided there isn't too much antimacassar dripping about. But it simply isn't possible any longer to *portray* what is going on in so many situations around the country without portraying also the verbal licentiousness of the participants. I remember in Chicago on television, the night the broadcasters gangbanged the Chicago police, and the question of provocation arose and I said that from my own hotel window I had heard the crowd all night long "chanting obscenities" directed at the police, at Mayor Daley, and at LBJ. "Chanting obscenities," I had a sinking feeling, probably meant to most well-behaved listeners that the crowd was saying "Horsefeathers to LBJ," or perhaps even "Down with LBJ," or, the most abandoned among them, "To hell with LBJ." It made a great difference that the listeners should know just exactly what word the demonstrators *were* using, because it introduces an atmosphere of rhetorical totalism the visualization of which is necessary to the understanding of certain events. I note that there is a general uproar at the University of Minnesota because the student paper published a picture of a protest meeting against the exclusion from the English curriculum of a highly provocative, highly obscene and highly galvanizing essay called "The Student as Nigger." The picture shows one ah kid, a female kid, carrying a large banner with the words "F. The Puritans," the Puritans being, you understand, those who opposed the incorporation of the essay into the curriculum. Motions were made to suspend the editor, who argued back that the offensive word has come to mean, among students, nothing much more than "To hell with"—and that, certainly, wouldn't shock anybody, certainly not in an age of skepticism—unless, say, the Pope said it, and the ground beneath immediately opened up to swallow the anathematized, Don Giovanni-like (Sock it to 'em, Your Holiness!). The point remains that the word is used by The Militants precisely because it does still shock. And if they could think of a more shocking word, they would use it. Presumably, that being the law of usage, if their current favorite becomes truly current—if it begins for instance to appear regularly in, say, the columns of the *New York Times,* then, like its French counterpart, it will largely have lost its capacity to arouse attention, and The Kids will have to look for another lollipop.

Until then, *NR*'s policy (drumroll) is: *Pas de baisant autour*. But the word will not be suppressed when the occasion absolutely requires its use. Okay?

And then there is the subscriber who canceled his subscription because a recent letter from the Circulation Department was franked with an FDR postage stamp. (And quite right.) And an award to Mr. Erik Pear, who signs himself, "Chairman, Former Communists for Nixon." Is there a vice chairman in the house? **—WFB**

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THE STAKE IN CALIFORNIA

If Max Rafferty makes it in California
it will be a grand slam for conservatives there
and of major significance nationally.
Blue Max could just do it

Blue Max

JEFFREY HART

FOR SOMEONE used to the rhythm of life in a small Vermont town, the first impression of Sacramento is appalling. Your jet circles down on an airport slowly cooking in the 100-degree heat and located in the midst of an absolute flatness uninterrupted except for a cloud of dust raised in the distance by some truck or tractor. Highway and heat, gasoline stations, Greyhound buses, heat, gasoline fumes: and then Sacramento itself—a kind of Hartford, Connecticut with palm trees, a vast urban sprawl of motels, supermarkets, used car lots and suburbs built yesterday, surrounding a center of nondescript two- and three-story structures, shabby hotels, and the domed white capitol building.

Nor is the second look any more reassuring. Once Sacramento was a mud fort, then a gold-mining village; within living memory it has been a rich farming town with a distinctive character and a social life of some elegance. But today Sacramento seems just one more example of the great featurelessness of modern America, a place without memory or expectation, existing only in the infinite present moment of a mediocrity that is the product of modern technology. The city is a spiritual decompression chamber. If Hawthorne and James felt that nineteenth-century New England lacked texture and social density, lacked antiquity and all that was mysterious and picturesque—well, they should have come to Sacramento.

But then you slowly find that this is not the whole story. Even modern Sacramento has its hidden corners and obscure charms—and it even has memories: the old Chinese quarter, over behind the glistening new state office buildings and the modern shopping center; the nineteenth-century buildings down on the Embarcadero, a skid-row out of the Old West now being renovated and restored; old restaurants hidden away on side streets; Victorian hotels and bars on the outskirts. The modern surface is insistent, overwhelming, and it seems impenetrable; but the city has, just out of view, its cunning corridors, its almost shy, but nevertheless genuine, complexity and charm.

II: Meeting Rafferty

SUPERINTENDENT Max Rafferty's office is in the state education building on the new mall running westward from the capitol. He is in the middle of his second four-year term as a controversial State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a colorful favorite of the Right, detested and feared by the Left. For some, Rafferty is a courageous champion, a patriot trying to return traditional subject matter and traditional norms to the classroom. For others he is a menace, a sort of Joe McCarthy with a doctorate. And the controversy is characterized by something approaching religious fervor, for education, after all, is the real religion of America, the one thing in which almost everyone actually believes, a mysterious sacrament assumed to lead to personal fulfillment and, indeed, salvation. It is a faith at once touching and comic, but its disputes have a special intensity. After six years of riding in the educational whirlwind and directing the storm, Rafferty had decided to try for the United States Senate, and though Thomas Kuchel, the incumbent, had been heavily favored, Rafferty had upset him in the Republican primary.

Rafferty is undoubtedly a political phenomenon, one of the most extraordinary and effective campaigners in modern American politics. In the primary against Kuchel, a lackluster character, Rafferty campaigned all over the state in a squadron of DC-3s—the RAF, or Rafferty's Air Force. This performance earned him the sobriquet of Blue Max, after the German First World War ace Max Immelmann. Now he's running against a far-left Democrat named Alan Cranston. It is Blue Max against the Red Baron.

I had seen some of Rafferty's public appearances during the campaign, and the personality he projects is unique and a bit startling. He is not a regular fella like Rocky, or a decent citizen like Reagan—decent, but stern if provoked—and he has nothing in common with Romney's preacher-businessman or Nixon's pro-who-knows-the-ropes. Rafferty is flamboyant—he favors locutions like "lo, these many years"—and he deploys an enormous range of literary and historical reference. You can

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get some idea of this by glancing at his famous attack on progressive education, *Suffer Little Children,* in the first three pages of which he refers to Juliet, DuBarry, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Richelieu, Anne of Austria, Louis XIII, Plato, Socrates, the Stoa, a neolithic hunter named Tegumai, and the Man in the Iron Mask. A Rafferty campaign speech is mesmerizing, yet one feels that the display of facility, the virtuoso vocabulary and the range of reference, are being placed *between* the speaker and his audience. The facility is not an adjunct to communication; rather, it is the thing communicated. And though Rafferty talks about emotionally-charged subjects—the debasement of education, the attenuation of patriotism, the collapse of law and order—he makes absolutely no appeal to sympathetic *personal* emotion. He does not evoke warmth. He is oddly remote and cerebral. He creates a slight chill, even as he dazzles and overwhelms. It is a style not quite in the American grain.

One of his close aides, an intense ex-professor named Ed Klotz, a Ph.D. from the University of Madrid who knows everything there is to know about Spain since the eighteenth century, ushered me into Rafferty's office. Rafferty moved out from behind his desk and shook hands—a tall man with just a hint of soft flesh, yet tan and handsome, with a prominent forehead made more prominent by receding, closely-cut hair. The put-me-at-ease conversation between Rafferty and Klotz really didn't. It was weirdly learned and full of scholarly and historical allusions. Klotz is a scholar and I am an English professor. I had the impression that Rafferty was making the point that he knew more. Thus, Klotz is working on some educational project having to do with the foundations of law and morality in tradition and religion.

"I'll have to look at it twice," said Rafferty. "Once drunk and once sober, like Philip of Macedon."

"The King of the Mountain," added Klotz, referring to the topography of Macedonia.

"Mt. Pella," said Rafferty, naming one of the famous ones.

Rafferty's manner is that of a man deliberately exhibiting his startling "competence," supremely confident, yet watchful, and wary of possible challenges in the same vein. He has a photographic memory, and he is a speed reader. Learning that I teach at Dartmouth, he showed that he knew all about Daniel Webster. It is said that he kills time waiting for a plane by reciting entire acts of Shakespeare from memory. Yet the omni-competence, like his virtuoso performance in his speeches, tends to stand between him and a listener, an opaque barrier. Who is Rafferty, and what is he really like, behind those sharply focused eyes?

Before we got down to politics and the campaign, some jokes were obligatory. Klotz had to be careful about that religious project, Rafferty said, it was a sensitive subject. "Once I received a letter from a woman who denounced me as a bigot for attacking Buddhism in a speech I'd made. I hadn't mentioned Buddhism, so I was puzzled, naturally. I went back over the text carefully, and, yes, there it was—I'd spoken of *booted* hoodlums. That's what set her off."

"I understand you have some strange religions in California," I said.

"Yes," Rafferty said. "Once the whole country tilted westward, and all the loose nuts rolled out here."

III: Tribune of the Children

I BEGAN by asking Rafferty about his background, and then we went on to his campaign and to national matters. Invariably his replies were astonishingly well formulated, and offered with no hesitation at all. Even before I had finished framing a question, and not all of them were simple, he had grasped the point and was ready with a reply, delivered as an organized paragraph, touching upon all aspects of the matter, summing it up. There were no false starts, no incomplete or rambling sentences, no pauses for reflection or to explore a sudden doubt. If it was a bit like interviewing Univac, it was also impressive. I could see that Rafferty would be even more formidable in debate than he had been out on the campaign trail.

Like most Californians, Rafferty had been born out of the state, the son of a New Orleans businessman who had gone broke during the Depression and moved to Kansas City, Sioux City, and finally to Southern California. I later learned that he was a precocious child who could read when he was three, and that his mother provided him with a steady stream of the books his imagination craved. By the time he entered school he was already far in advance of his classmates. His love for books, which appeared early, is reflected in the catalogue of names that appear and reappear in his prose: Tom and Huck, Peter Pan, Cinderella, Hercules, Thor, the Knights of the Round Table. But his precociousness also had the quality of emotional tragedy, for his superiority isolated him. One of his most personal and moving essays deals with the plight of the precocious child, skipped from grade to grade. "The teacher feels herself somewhat embarrassed by the bright-eyed fifth grader who can spell infinitely better than she can, and who knows that Tananarive is the capital of Madagascar at a time when his fellow students are having trouble locating the continent of Africa." The child is pushed ahead, "not only out of the fifth grade but also out of the entire elementary school. [He] goes to junior high school at the age of ten, and does well scholastically, as indeed he probably would have done had they sent him to Cal Tech. . . . It does not take long for the stripes and buffets to rain down." Throughout his educational experience, one may surmise, both in elementary school and later in college and graduate schools Rafferty had forced upon him a sharp disjunction between inner and outer. Cut off from his schoolfellows because of his intelligence and imagination, he nevertheless had to get along somehow for the sake of survival. He received a stern education in the techniques of protecting the inner being by making the surface invulnerable, and he made up for his distressing youthfulness by perfecting his mental equipment. He was, of course, a child of the Depression as well, and he experienced that bleak migration from the Midwest. He shares with other political leaders who grew up in the Thirties a distinctive seriousness and drive toward personal achievement. That celebrated gap that everyone talks about today between the young and the middle-aged derives, I think, from the fact that the older generation did experience the Depression, if only in the conversation of its parents, and this experience made them serious, even a bit solemn, and led to an emphasis upon self-discipline and accomplishment which does not strike a sympathetic chord among the affluent young, who are—first and last—consumers, whether of goods, pleasures, or ideologies.

Rafferty graduated from Beverly Hills High School in 1933, and enrolled at nearby UCLA, where he majored in history. Skipped from grade to grade

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in elementary school, he was of course much younger than his college classmates. The essay mentioned above describes the college career of the gifted child: "too small for the games and sports which bulk so large in early adolescence . . . too young for the parties and dances . . . regarded on the one hand by his classmates either patronizingly as an oddity or coldly as a 'brain' . . . The golden years of youth, that bank balance upon which all of us should be able to draw in memory during those later years are, for [him], years of rejection, tacit or explicit."

At UCLA Rafferty tried to adjust, to pass muster as one among the many; the separation of inner and outer carried over from the earlier years was reinforced. However, a severe attack of mononucleosis brought on a period of reflection and reconsideration. He decided to devote himself to his beloved books, and to take up teaching as a career. His life as a kind of Children's Tribune was born.

But teacher education, at UCLA where he earned his master's degree, and at USC where he received his doctorate, was at the peak of the Deweyite progressive education phase. Far from returning to history and literature, to the world of golden names and famous deeds which would crowd the sentences in his essays and speeches later on—Charlemagne and the Argonauts, Plato and Paul Revere, Richelieu, the Crusaders—Rafferty found himself enmeshed in an endless program of teaching-methods courses. The assumption behind the whole program, he discovered, was the unimportance of subject matter. Its goal was not pleasure in knowledge for its sake, and most certainly not heroic inspiration, but adjustment to a "reality" which was in "flux." There were no eternal truths, no norms of conduct, in "democratic education." All the heroes, all the gods, were dead. As Rafferty later charged, again and again, in essay after essay and speech after speech: "Ulysses and Penelope have been replaced by Dick and Jane in the textbooks of our schools. The quest for the Golden Fleece has been crowded out by the visit of Tom and Susan to the zoo. The deeds of the heroes before Troy are now *passé,* and the peregrinations of the local milkman as he wends his way among the stodgy streets and littered alleys of Blah City are deemed worthy of numberless pages in our readers." This cry of pain amidst imaginative impoverishment, and even the imagery of littered alleys and lonely streets, reminds us of Eliot's *The Waste Land* with its *fourmillante cité,* cut off from the past and from the sources of imaginative vitality.

Yet once again Rafferty had to put on protective coloring. He had to take the method courses and give the Deweyite answers. He persevered, and earned his degrees, and his palpable gifts moved him up the educational ladder. With his friend and colleague Emery Stoops, he wrote a formidable textbook on school administration, and he also began to campaign for educational reform.

Death Valley Days

Rafferty's intellectual force and his irreverent treatment of shibboleths dear to the educationists did not, of course, endear him to the public school establishment, and he passed much of his career both literally and figuratively in the desert. His first job was in the neighborhood of Death Valley. Then, from 1955 to 1961 he served as District Superintendent of the Needles, California school district. Needles is the Kamchatka of California, only hot. To get there you drive eastward from Los Angeles and take Route 66 through the Mojave Desert. When you have gone as far as you can go without actually leaving the state, just short of the Nevada border, you are in Needles —blistering hot, a suitable habitat for rattlesnakes and gila monsters.

In 1961, however, Rafferty came in out of the desert and became a part of the national consciousness. He had been appointed Superintendent at La Canada, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and, as it happened, he decided to introduce himself to the community there by making a short speech. It was a Fourth of July speech called "The Passing of the Patriot," and most of his familiar themes were there. But it caused an earthquake. The children, Rafferty said, were reading about Dick and Jane, instead of about Nathan Hale and Stephen Decatur. No wonder they grew bored and apathetic. "But place them on the shot-swept shrouds of the *Bonhomme Richard,* and let them thrill to those words flashing like a rapier out of our past, 'I have not yet begun to fight.' Kneel with them behind the cotton bales at New Orleans with Andy Jackson at their side, as the redcoats begin to emerge from the Louisiana mists and the sullen guns of Laffitte begin to pound. Watch their faces. See the eyes brighten and the spirits ruffle. See the color come, the backs straighten." In Needles this sort of thing had not made much of an impression, but in a neighborhood on the outskirts of Los Angeles it almost caused a riot. There were boos and answering cheers. Rafferty's passionate patriotism had collided head-on with the liberals' instinctive distrust of nationalism, with the liberal preference for international as against national, with the liberal dislike of heroism—especially military heroism.

But Rafferty was not destined to serve in La Canada. I asked him how

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it came about that he ran for the State Superintendency in 1962.

"I was the recipient," he said, "of that thing which I never believed in as an old teacher of political science and civics—a draft. Briefly, what happened was that the legislature had appointed a blue-ribbon commission called the Citizens' Advisory Committee of Education, which was to advise the legislature on education. Many of the members of this commission were appalled by what they saw. The extent of dry rot and degeneracy in our curriculum. The philosophy of relativism and permissiveness, the cult of life adjustment and togetherness. The chairman of the commission, Dr. William Lawler, came to me in the summer of 1961. He had read 'The Passing of the Patriot'—it came out in the *Reader's Digest*—and he and his fellow committee members had decided that they wanted someone like me to run for this office."

Rafferty set up rigorous conditions. He would not run unless they guaranteed him ample backing. He would need money, radio and TV time, campaign workers. His supporters returned a few months later with the necessary guarantees. Despite an intensive campaign against him by the educationists, and despite the hostility of the liberal-dominated mass media, Rafferty won the election, and four years later he ran again and won in a landslide. His three-million-vote total in the 1966 primary made it unnecessary for him to run in a general election, and was larger than the combined total of Brown and Reagan.

Rafferty is now in the middle of his second term as Superintendent, and there is no lack of controversy over the nature and extent of his accomplishments. Like Ronald Reagan, he has found that bureaucracies are devilishly difficult to reform. And like anyone who is not in harmony with the *Zeitgeist* he has had his troubles with the media. Despite his three million votes, moreover, he has less real power than one might suppose. He must obey the decisions of a board of education left over from the Brown administration. The civil service status of most members of the department of education precludes much change there, and there are complaints in the department that Rafferty is too aloof, not enough in contact with them to take advantage of good ideas that might be circulating. Finally, the teachers' colleges and the professional educationists' associations have a vested interest in the old methods and are adept at foot-dragging. Still, as Rafferty sees it, you have to begin somewhere.

"For example, we've moved to cut the number of methodology courses which teachers are required to take, and we've replaced them with subject matter courses. Secondly, we've been engaged in a donnybrook about textbooks, especially in trying to get a higher literary content. This fight has been won, in part. We've also fought to get English grammar books back into the schools, instead of these 'language arts' books we've had for the last thirty years. This fight has been fully won, and the grammar books will go into use next year, down to the first grade. We've put into schools courses in economics prepared by my office. In California schools the teaching of economics has been conspicuous by its absence for lo these many years."

Under Rafferty's administration course titles like "social studies" and "language arts" have been replaced by history and English and geography. "By calling them that you draw attention to the fact that when you're teaching history you're supposed to teach history." A list of children's classics has been compiled, and the books supplied to the schools. ("When I think of the doors we've closed upon the children!" he had cried in "The Passing of the Patriot." "The wonderful pantheon of youthful gods and goddesses that my generation knew and loved; the great parade of heroes who made old Earth a magic place for boys and girls!") But the biggest change, Rafferty says, has been the substitution of substance for method, for so-called progressive education, as the philosophy of his department.

IV: On the Stump

THE POLITICAL execution of Thomas Kuchel was in fact long overdue. He had failed to support Goldwater in 1964; he had failed to support George Murphy against Pierre Salinger; and, fatally, he had failed to support Ronald Reagan. His voting record in Washington was routinely liberal. In view of the fact that 66 per cent of California Republicans regard themselves as conservatives, he was obviously in trouble. Soon after Reagan's million-vote victory in 1966, conservatives reached an informal consensus: Kuchel would have to go.

Reagan himself was not part of it, though not because of any overwhelming affection for Kuchel. He wanted a united party in California, able to carry the state in the national election of 1968, and he was willing to keep Kuchel as the price of unity. In addition, Kuchel himself, aware of his danger, had suddenly shown himself surprisingly cooperative.

Nevertheless it was too late. "In the early spring of 1967," Rafferty said, "I was approached by prominent members of the Republican volunteer organizations—the United Republicans of California, the California Republican Assembly, the Young Republicans, the California Republican Women. They simply felt that the incumbent was no longer in the mainstream of Republicanism in California. I agreed with them, but I reminded them that running against an incumbent senator, especially when he had seventeen years of seniority, was the Party Whip, and held a high position in the Senate, would be an extraordinary, almost impossible thing to do." In the end, Rafferty insisted upon the same kind of conditions he had made in 1962: he would have to have enough money to run an effective campaign, including television time, and he would have to have grassroots support organized all over the state. The money did not flow as freely as it had in 1962. Large contributors to the Reagan campaign like Henry Salvatori and Holmes Tuttle were saving their money for a possible Reagan Presidential candidacy, and Reagan's own neutrality cooled the ardor of other backers. Despite these difficulties, the necessary funds were raised, and Rafferty's campaign was on the road.

As the weeks went by, the Rafferty-Kuchel campaign acquired national significance. California was generally understood to be moving to the political Right: Reagan was governor, and its junior senator was George Murphy. But a victory for Kuchel would suggest a counter-trend, and might have the effect of strengthening the liberal hand in the national party. Behind Thomas Kuchel loomed the ever-ambitious Rockefeller. Because of this symbolic quality, the contest attracted substantial out-of-state interest and support.

Rafferty ran an energetic and sometimes flamboyant campaign. Touring the state in Rafferty's Air Force, the candidate took provocative stands and delivered his opinions in the most forceful kind of language. Kuchel, in contrast, seemed vague, and determined to be all things to all men. His ambiguous generalities had so little impact that

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Rafferty felt his own statements were falling into a vacuum. "I had to make my own speeches more self-contained because I had nothing to respond to. I found this left the news field to me because I was the only one saying anything." Television coverage and most of the large newspapers backed Kuchel; several of the large Republican papers remained neutral in the interest of party unity; but Rafferty had the local newspapers and by election day he had thousands of volunteers working for him while Kuchel had none.

A Celtic Gift

"The way to stop looters," Rafferty told his crowds, "is to shoot them when caught looting." During the campaign, he came down hard on the campus disorders. "Who pays the freight," he demanded, "for their four-year course in sex, drugs, and treason? You do. It's nice that you're rich enough to subsidize these odd birds. They hate your insides, and they don't hesitate to tell you so—in four-letter words." He delighted in referring to one of the Supreme Court justices as "a child-marrying mountain climber." Rafferty has a Celtic gift for the colorful phrase.

One of the most frequent charges made against Rafferty is that he offers simple answers to complex problems, and there may be some truth in this. He himself points out that every candidate has to condense his views in order to get them across. Still, it seems to me that the impression of simplification really results from his manner, from his extreme readiness of phrase. Unlike most political figures, he leaves no doubt what his position is, and his answers have a kind of Cartesian clarity. In addition, it is necessary to distinguish between a recommended course of action, and the thought processes which led up to the recommendation. An act—shooting a looter—is simple and definitive; the consideration which led to the act need not be simple at all, and might involve the most complicated weighing of one thing against another. Shooting a looter is no simpler, after all, than not shooting him. Rafferty's difficulty is that he resolutely avoids a *rhetoric* of complexity, and he does not give the appearance of agonizing over his various positions. Yet most of them seem to me eminently defensible.

I asked Rafferty what he would do as a senator to help restore order to the campus.

"One thing I would do," he replied,

"is to make sure that before we had any government grants going to the various universities, any research contracts signed with them, we would have a rider on that contract which stated that the only campuses which would be contracted with would be those which had very definite rules regarding violence and misconduct, and which enforced them. It's a sad thing to have to do. A college or university ought to have enough self-respect to police itself and to throw these bums out. But if they don't, it seems to me one thing a United States senator can do is to see that the money and prestige of this country are enlisted in the cause of freedom and propriety." Rafferty pointed out that a condition of "outright terror" exists on the campus at San Francisco State College. "Just a few months back a group of neo-Nazis there tramped into the campus newspaper office, assaulted the editor and sent him to the hospital, and smashed the equipment, because they didn't like one of his editorials. This is the sort of thing that was going on all over Germany in the late Twenties and early Thirties, and I think it's time that every American got busy and did something about it."

Rafferty recalled the example of a university president around the turn of the century who expelled 250 students for striking over the issue of women in men's dormitories. He was warned that the entire student body might strike the next day. "I am," the president said, "prepared to extend my original order as far as may be necessary." "And that was that," Rafferty said. "If we had more college presidents like that, we would not only have order and decorum on our campuses, but a proper atmosphere for learning, which we are very far from having now. We would get rid of a lot of people who have no business being in college and would make room for the sincere, sober, and decent scholars, many of whom are lined up waiting to get in."

Abolish the Draft

On national issues and on foreign policy, Rafferty leaves equally little doubt about where he stands. We should have "civilian goals" in Vietnam, established by the President in consultation with the Senate, and then the military should achieve those goals; but it was a mistake to get involved in a land war there in the first place. "You just do not, unless you are openly and avowedly an imperialist nation, send armies thousands of miles to fight on other people's soil. You may extend help, and advice, as Eisenhower did, but you do not commit any armies." Rafferty wants to abolish the draft: "We need a volunteer army, well paid, with men who take pride in their profession." He has two positions regarding the *Pueblo*, depending upon the facts of the case. "I don't know the facts about the *Pueblo*. I can't give a snap answer on this, because we have received two completely different sets of facts. The President says they were some twenty miles off the coast and minding their own business. Other people have said

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they were two miles off the coast and doing a spy job. If the latter charge is true then I think the only thing we could decently do would be to apologize and ask very politely to have our men back, and if necessary pay an indemnity to get them back. We'd clearly be in the wrong. But if Johnson should turn out to be right for a change, to be telling the truth, also for a change, then we should tell North Korea to return the ship and men or within a period of thirty days we are going to take over North Korean property of an equivalent or superior value and show them that piracy on the high seas doesn't pay."

California Schemin'

Domestically, he thinks that the root of the Negro problem is economic, and not a matter of white racism. He would extend tax credits and grant rebates to private industry to enable it to recruit and train ghetto dwellers. "The way to stop riots is to give people jobs."

Rafferty considers the nomination of Hubert Humphrey "the most cynical and opportunistic exercise of machine politics that we have seen in any party since the 1940s when Franklin D. was telling everybody to clear it with Sidney. McCarthy didn't have a prayer, and Bobby Kennedy wouldn't have had one either." McCarthy's style, he says, tends to put people to sleep, but he considers George Wallace a tremendously effective campaigner. "Wallace's problem is that his racial views make him completely unacceptable except in the South. But as far as his quickness is concerned, his cleverness, his ability to talk to the common man—he is unique in either party."

The word around the capitol in Sacramento is that Rafferty is in danger of being over-confident about his chances against Alan Cranston, so I asked him how he felt Kuchel Republicans would vote. "I can hardly conceive of anyone who wears the Republican label at all voting for the Democratic candidate," Rafferty said. "The Democrats were in a bind on this. Several prominent Democrats were thinking seriously of running for the nomination. Sam Yorty, for example, and Jesse Unruh, the Big Boss. But they thought that Kuchel was a cinch for the nomination and backed away. They thought that no Democrat could beat him, because all the Democrats voted for him—for obvious reasons. So they looked around for some hack, a multi-beaten man who had no future, and who had never done anything really, and they prevailed upon him to bear the tattered Democratic standard against the invincible Mr. Kuchel. They had to have somebody, you know, so they picked Mr. Cranston, who was languishing in innocuous desuetude, a sort of involuntary retirement after having the daylights beaten out of him by Mr. Flournoy in 1966 and in 1964 by plucky, pudgy Pierre Salinger. So they unearthed Mr. Cranston, and propped him up, in order to make the futile race. And, lo and behold, the Republican Party double-crossed them and nominated me. Now I'm sure that Mr. Unruh would dearly have loved to run against me. He would have been able to unite the Democratic Party behind him. Now I'm sure he's kicking himself. And, lo, the Democratic Party is stuck with a hack, Mr. Cranston. They are in a state of complete demoralization."

Cranston certainly isn't the most potent candidate the Democratic Party could have named. A former journalist who so far has shown little ability to communicate with the voters, he was a founder of the California Democratic Council, and its first president. The CDC represents the extreme left wing of the Democratic Party, and actually is only just this side of the Peace and Freedom Party in the political spectrum. In addition, Cranston has been badly scarred in the Florentine feuding that characterizes Democratic politics in California. In 1966, for example, he was the victim of a startling upset by Hugh Flournoy, when Sam Yorty, the powerful and conservative Democratic mayor of Los Angeles, tacitly backed Flournoy. In addition, he is bitterly disliked by heavy Democratic contributors in Southern California.

Rafferty, therefore, is "reasonably optimistic" about his prospects despite the recent polls that show him trailing Cranston. "I'm prepared to be optimistic on the basis of past experience, but not ecstatically so. Here in California we have such a heavy Democratic majority that any Republican who runs for public office has his hands full at all times." And of course Rafferty has had to brace himself for the usual attacks: that he is an extremist, that his views are dangerous and simplistic, and so on. The mass media has swung behind Cranston, who even now is being transmogrified into a "moderate."

V: Evading Stereotypes

Max Rafferty is one of the most interesting figures on the curent political scene, and one of the most complex. Several months ago, the story goes, a journalist asked Rafferty for an interview, preparatory to writing an article about him for one of the liberal monthlies. Rafferty is not an innocent in these matters: he knew the article would be a hatchet job. Characteristically, he set forth conditions. Yes, he would grant the interview if the journalist would spend a substantial length of time actually accompanying him in his daily tasks—meetings, speeches, interviews, departmental business, meals. By the time he wrote the article, the journalist found his stereotyped categories useless. Rafferty did not fit them. He is highly sympathetic to the minorities—to Negroes, and, especially, to the Spanish-Americans. His aide Ed Klotz, the Hispanicist, has excellent rapport with the Mexican immigrant groups. Rafferty himself lives in an integrated neighborhood. His commitment to education is a deep one, and he is a highly learned man. The educational program closest to his heart may be the one he has designed to accommodate especially gifted children; but he also has programs for dropouts. When the liberal journalist's article finally appeared, most of the ideology had gone overboard and the treatment of Rafferty was friendly. The journalist's liberal colleagues, of course, were scandalized.

Rafferty's campaign for the Senate possesses considerable national significance, for if he wins, California will have broken decisively with the past in its major political leadership—Reagan, Murphy, and now Rafferty. In this large, modern state the voters will have shown that they genuinely desire an alternative to the worn-out policies and assumptions of the last 35 years. In Sacramento and in Washington, California will have in being a conservative political establishment. Change will not come at once—the legislature, the bureaucracy, the Board of Regents all retain much of the old political coloration. Still, if Reagan wins a second term, as seems most likely, the new leadership will be able to exert increasing leverage, and California may show the rest of the nation that there is indeed an alternative.

In my own opinion, Rafferty has a good chance. □

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COMBAT's editor is Theodore Lit, longtime editorial associate of the late Fulton Lewis, Jr. and former senior editor of the Conservative Book Club. Mr. Lit is a veteran journalist with an intimate professional knowledge of the Communist movement and other radical forces in America.

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MEMO TO: CONSERVATIVES

Mr. Conservative tells the faithful
not, repeat not, *to let George do it—*
because there's too much at stake, like
the two-party system, and the conservative gains of the past four years.

Don't Waste a Vote on Wallace

BARRY GOLDWATER

I KNOW that all across the country people are tired of the way things have been going in America. They have had enough domestic violence of all kinds; they are tired of skyrocketing taxes and increasing federal interference in local affairs; and they find our posture in Vietnam intolerable. They are sick, but not in the way meant by the detractors of America. They are sick of the way things have been going for too long a time. They are certain that the remedy does not lie in four more years of the same old bankrupt liberalism, and they correctly regard this election as the time to make this judgment count.

The trouble is that some conservatives are thinking of expressing this judgment by voting for George Wallace.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that such a vote is going anywhere but right down a rat-hole.

I understand, of course, why George Wallace does appeal to some conservatives. Many of the things he says are true, and he often says them very well indeed. We agree with his appeal to patriotism, and we have had quite enough of self-styled protesters with Vietcong flags whose heroes are Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh. We know that a university should serve learning and scholarship rather than function as a sort of guerrilla bastion. We agree that we need a return to law and order in this country, and that some recent Supreme Court decisions have made the work of our police unnecessarily difficult. We know that Wallace is justified in his attacks on the liberal intellectuals —the "intellectual morons" as he calls them—who have been living in an Alice-In-Wonderland world of fantasy for years. And we all know (as a matter of fact, I know all too well from personal experience four years ago) the kind of political bias that too often pervades our mass media. In all these things Wallace is right in what he says, and that is why he does appeal to some conservatives.

And while we are talking about the sources of his appeal, let it be said that he has a genuine gift for words. He is an excellent phrase-maker, and he is often eloquent. Nor is he a superficial student of human nature: "I don't believe all this talk about poor folks turning Communist. It's the damn rich who turn Communist. You ever see a poor Communist?"

Well, this is something of an exaggeration, for the poor sometimes do become Communists; but Wallace has cut through the stereotyped view that poverty is what causes Communism. He has looked at the real world, and he knows that some of the men who organized the Chicago riots and those primarily responsible for the insurrections in our universities are not poor. They are driven by more complex demons than mere poverty.

Wallace is also right when he makes this point to the average American: "You knew Castro was a Communist all along, and the *New York Times*—they still don't believe it." Again he is exaggerating to make his point. The *Times* was deplorably slow in recognizing the true nature of Castro's movement, but today even it would admit that Castro is a Communist. Yet Wallace is correct in pointing to the gap between the liberal media and the people, and between the liberal media and reality, which is one of the important political facts of our time.

Wallace is also a master of the dramatic, memorable gesture. His so-called stand in the school-house door made him a national figure, though it is worth remembering that this is all it did accomplish—and, in my opinion, was all it was intended to accomplish.

I want to state right here that this discussion is not a personal attack on George Wallace. As a conservative, as one who believes that "the past is prologue; study the past," I can only see real trouble for our country if there is a substantial movement to Wallace.

Wallace's candidacy amply demonstrates a danger to the two-party system that has served us well. If Wallace gets enough votes to encourage other dissidents of either the Right or Left to form their own parties, we might well end up with a multi-party system. Given our present Constitution this could mean disaster for America. We would probably either have to resort to coalition government with all the

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instabilities this implies, or to a constitutional strong man *à la* de Gaulle. I don't think conservatives relish either of these two alternatives.

As an illustration of the problems we could face, I'd like to share with you a memo I received from my research assistant which threads its way through the morass of the Electoral College [see below].

Now, given your feeling of frustration and your desire to indicate by a vote for Wallace that you disagree with both parties, let me pose a very simple problem: You, as a conservative, are not happy with the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. Humphrey is not only a product of that Administration, he is one of the men who drew the blueprint, one of the men who has publicly defended the President more than any other person, and one who, if elected, would carry on the most objectionable features of the Johnson Great Society.

Now let's look at something else: Although some of you may disagree, I stand on the proposition that Governor Wallace has *absolutely no chance* to be elected President of the United States. Now with that fact as part of your thinking, ask yourself this question: "If there were only two men in the race, Hubert Humphrey and Dick Nixon, who, in your opinion, would make the better President of the United States?" You know as well as I do that every conservative in either party would have to answer that Dick Nixon would be by far the better.

If my hypothesis is true—and I'm sure it is—a vote for Wallace that otherwise would have gone to Dick Nixon profits only one person—our old friend Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Is that what you really want?

On all the important issues facing us today Nixon's stand is markedly different from Humphrey's. As far as law and order are concerned, Nixon speaks clearly and with a sense of urgency. He knows that our police forces must be strengthened and that they must have the support of the community in the difficult tasks they perform. Unlike Humphrey, Nixon does not think that the cure for our skyrocketing crime rate is massive federal handouts. He knows that our police forces must be but by no means the only one. The suburbs have crime as well as the slums.

Nixon believes that the crime rate will drop when the laws are enforced, and when fewer criminals go free on technicalities. He knows that an atmosphere of permissiveness has pervaded and weakened our judicial system.

He knows that legal knowledge, necessary though it is, is not the only qualification for a Supreme Court Justice. He knows that these Justices must have some understanding of the spirit of our constitutional system. I am certain that his appointments will be suitable ones.

Nixon knows that tolerance of civil disobedience has reached a danger point in this country. He knows that our colleges and universities must be allowed to pursue their tasks unhampered by mobs of thugs and malcontents who are Nazis in every way but the uniforms.

(Continues on p. 1079)

Memorandum

To: Barry Goldwater
FROM: Clyde Pearce
RE: Wallace Electoral Effect

While it is improbable that George Wallace could be elected President on November 5, it is very likely that his candidacy will disrupt U. S. election machinery. Because of his candidacy, certain possibilities exist: In the November 5 popular election Wallace could win enough pledges of electoral votes potentially to deny either Nixon or Humphrey the necessary majority of electoral wotes to win. If this is the case:

A. Since the Electoral College does not vote for President until the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December following the November election, Wallace may choose to try to bargain with either or both major candidates—giving his pledged electors in exchange for some power and influence. (Since electors are not legally bound to vote their pledge, this is highly feasible.)

B. He may decide to let the contest be thrown into the House of Representatives.

Procedure in the House of Representatives:

1. Each state has one vote. The state's vote is determined by the majority vote of that state's members of the House of Representatives. (E.g. New York has 41 congressmen; if 21 of them voted for Nixon then New York's one (1) vote would be cast for Nixon. New York's vote counts no more than Arizona's.)

2. Per the Twelfth Amendment, the House chooses among the *top three* Presidential candidates. The voting continues until one candidate receives a majority.

3. The House cannot vote, however, until the electoral votes are counted and it is determined that no candidate has a majority. On January 6, following a Presidential election (62 U.S. Statute at large 675, 1948), the two Houses meet in joint session, and, in compliance with the Twelfth Amendment, the President of the Senate counts the electoral vote in their presence. The new Congress is sworn in on January 3—three days prior to this meeting.

4. If by January 20, the date for the inauguration of the new President, the House has failed to choose a President, the Twelfth Amendment provides that the Vice President-elect "shall act as President until a President shall have qualified."

5. If neither Vice Presidential candidate has a sufficient majority of Electoral College votes to take office, then the Senate has the duty of selecting the Vice President. As directed by the Twelfth Amendment the Senate chooses between the top *two candidates*. Each senator has one vote and a simple majority determines the outcome.

6. In the unlikely event that neither the President nor Vice President has been selected by the House or Senate respectively, on January 20, the Twelfth Amendment authorizes Congress to make alternative provisions by law—which it has done in the Presidential Succession Act of 1947. In this case the Speaker of the House would take over as Acting President until either the Senate has selected a Vice President, who would then replace the Speaker of the House as Acting President, or the House had elected a President.

7. Consequently if the Presidential election is thrown into the House of Representatives, it is not impossible that we could end up with a Democratic Vice President and a Republican President.

8. It must also be remembered that simply having a Republican majority in the House of Representatives does not guarantee that a Republican President will be selected. That majority must be strategically placed; for, if Republicans held a numerical majority in the House as a whole, but that majority were in only 24 of the states, and since each state has only one (1) vote, the Republican candidate could be defeated by a vote of 26-24.

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REPORT ON THE GREEK REFERENDUM

A National Review editor who journeyed to Greece to see how the colonels handled the voting on a new constitution asks what a country is expected to do to win the favor of the State Department

What Are We Asking For?

JAMES BURNHAM

ATHENS—"You will find," said the Greek businessman in the seat next to mine on the plane, "that there is an easier, you might say more serene atmosphere than when you were last there." (I had told him I had visited Greece in December 1966, four months before the colonels' coup.) "People know where they stand. A man knows when he sets off for work in the morning that he won't face a riot in the square or have his car overturned or learn of a change of government on the way home in the evening."

Many Greeks I met—officials, students (yes, students), housewives, other businessmen, journalists, even a waiter at a café who excitedly explained that he no longer had to worry that the salt cellar would be stolen while his back was turned—repeated that law-and-order theme: how familiar it sounded!

You can readily understand their feeling when you review the history of the several years preceding the coup. It was impossible to form a stable majority in parliament. Patched-up government followed patched-up government. Political and economic policy lurched left and right. Money flew to Switzerland, lining political pockets on its way. The king, the leftists and the Communists meddled in and with the army. Unable to win a majority on their own, the leftists, in particular Andreas Papandreou, entered a de facto combination with the Communists and "called the masses into the streets." Mobs rioted in Constitution Square, before the Parliament Building; the air throbbed with revolutionary rhetoric. Once the struggle had shifted to the streets, the Communists easily took control and the strutting Papandreou became their political puppet.

"What were we to do?" asked a bright Greek lady who, having lived much of her life in France and, as wife of a cotton expert, in Egypt, spoke with a cosmopolitan shrug. "I was here with the party of the Australian Foreign Minister one afternoon in 1966." (We were talking in the lobby of the Grande Bretagne, fronting on the Square.) "A crowd had gathered outside. It had turned over several cars and then pulled off the scaffolding from a building under repair, to use as weapons. The Foreign Minister had to leave for the airport. As we walked down the front steps, a demonstrator threw a big piece of scaffolding that brushed his neck on the way past. If he hadn't been seven feet tall, it would have hit his head and killed him. How can a nation function if visiting diplomats can't appear in public without risking their lives?"

It became a question of who would strike first to end the disintegration. The colonels took the initiative on April 21, 1967. Within 24 hours the power was in their hands. The coup's quick bloodless success and the lack of any significant counter-movement proved that the nation agreed with their timing and their objective. This was reconfirmed by the ignominious flop of the king's attempted putsch.

Police States and Police States

So we now have in Greece "a totalitarian police state," as our journalists like to put it? Well, it certainly isn't much like what the term "police state" conjures up in a non-ideologized mind, as anyone who goes there can instantly see for himself—if he wants to look. The opening scene at the airport is symptomatic. For totalitarian police states, nothing is more sensitive than the point of entry and exit; there must always be one sort or another of Berlin Wall. But the Athens airport in the autumn of 1968 is the same bustling, casual, inefficient, shoving crossroads that it was in December 1966. For citizen and foreigner alike, the controls are less strict than ours. Evasion would be no problem. There is a minimum of police and soldiers. No one asks what you are up to. Hardly any luggage is inspected.

In Athens, home of a quarter of the population and of most of such opposition as there may be, there are noticeably fewer cops about than in New York. I traversed many, many miles of Athenian streets in every sort of district, and I never saw any military formation or military vehicle, though no doubt they were lurking somewhere as in all cities. There is no special party, paramilitary organization of "movement"—an essential feature of a true totalitarianism. (At dinner the night before the referendum, a French journalist, listening to Alfred Friendly of the *Washington Post* declaim about the "totalitarian" character of the regime, remarked to him across the table: "You ought to live under a totalitarian regime for a while, as we did in Paris. You might learn to use words a little more carefully.") It would be a tough job, I should think, to turn Greece into a totalitarian society. The Greeks are too active. They are out of doors every possible minute, just as in the ancient days, swarming up and down the streets or sitting at the myriad sidewalk and park cafés. Few people, even of the poorest classes, eat at home; everyone prefers the gregariousness of restaurant and taverna.

Don't get me wrong. I don't want to suggest that Greece today is just a junior Anglo-Saxon-type democratic

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republic. There used to be a story about a suburban family whose daughter got engaged to a Negro. When her father told her how upset he and her mother were, she pleaded, "But, daddy, he's such a *light* Negro." Similarly, their defenders among us, and their own PR agents, seek to temper liberal wrath against the colonels by pleading, "But they're only a *little bit* undemocratic."

In Case of Emergency

The regime is, in fact, a dictatorship that came to power through a revolutionary coup carried out by a group of middle-echelon officers. The government is a junta dominated by those officers (now formally resigned from the army) combined with a number of civilian technicians, many of them professors. The coup forestalled a scheduled parliamentary election. The junta has ruled without benefit of parliament, on the foundation, in the last analysis, of martial law. In the immediate aftermath of the coup several thousand persons were arrested. Many of these were Communists—though the Greeks, I gather, have a Latin American breadth in their definition of "Communist." About 2,500 of these are still interned on the island of Leros. Others interned or put under house arrest included officials accused (usually correctly, from what I have heard) of corruption, and miscellaneous politicians alleged to have been too much involved in pre-coup intrigues and disorders. Most of these last have been released, some just prior to the referendum, but Interior Minister Patakos suggested they had better watch their step. The local press is censored to approximately the Portuguese degree. (The foreign press, including the publications most unfavorable to the regime, is sold at the newsstands.) There has been no physical terror, but, undoubtedly, civil and legal rights are somewhat precarious for everyone. As in the Latin American style of military dictatorship, however, ordinary citizens who stay clear of controversial politics are not bothered.

The new constitution states (Art. 2, ¶ 1): "The form of Government in Greece is that of a Crowned Democracy." Judged by the junta's policies to date and by the detailed constitutional provisions, this would shape up as "Social Christian paternalism" or (we might say) "paternalistic Christian populism." The constitution certainly does not envisage a secular liberal state. Its very first sentence declares, "The established religion in Greece is that of the Eastern Orthodox Church of Christ." The freedoms of the press and of political organization are explicitly denied to publications that insult religion, create defeatism, manifestly offend public decency, aim at overthrowing the regime or the social system, etc. and to parties "whose aims or activities are manifestly or covertly opposed to the form of government or tend to overthrow the existing social order or endanger the territorial integrity of the state or public security." The state is charged not merely with promoting the general welfare but specifically with such tasks as protecting "marriage and the family," taking "measures for the moral, intellectual and patriotic education of the masses," and with assuring all citizens jobs, medical care, social security and housing—"homes," rather, is the word used. The constitution puts it like A & P: "The State cares for the securing of employment. . . . The State cares for . . . the acquisition of a home by those lacking one."

Although the welfarist provisions would normally be enough to soften a liberal heart, we can begin to see why our liberals are so furious at this regime. From the point of view of the liberal faith, the regime is not only heretical but sacrilegious. It has in the first place laid rude hands on left-liberal politicians and writers without so much as a by-your-leave from liberal lawyers or judges. It has refused to sprinkle the prescribed pinch of incense on the altar of unconditional freedom of speech, press and assembly. It has—in *this* day and age!—made an *official* declaration of faith in God, and what's more, the Christian God. And it actually goes so far as to frown on unkempt hair, dirty clothes, perversions and obscenities! To fill the bitter cup to brimming, it is anti-Communist and pro-American.

The new constitution got a 92 per cent *Yes* vote in the September 29 referendum. (This figure needs some analysis. The *Yes* was 98 per cent in the rural areas, but 75 per cent in Athens. Moreover, an additional 4 to 10 per cent *No* was probably concealed under *Abstention.*) Was the referendum fair? Did it express "the will of the Greek people?"

A distinction must be made. The *campaign* for the referendum was certainly not fair according to our rules or to any reasonable rule. There was extensive public discussion of specific measures in the constitution; indeed, the text was twice revised as a result. But there was no public campaign for a *No* vote in the referendum. All over Greece there were lots of NAI *(Yes)* stickers and posters—even a gigantic electric-light NAI on Mount Lycabettus, rivaling the night-illuminated Parthenon across the city. There was nary an OXI *(No)* to be seen.

As for the Referendum

I can, though, from my own direct observation and from what many foreign journalists told me of theirs, attest that the *mechanism* of the referendum was scrupulously fair. I visited a dozen polling places, half in Athens, half in villages. All but two were picked at random: when I saw a queue that looked like a voting line I told the driver to stop and I went inside (as all journalists were authorized to do in any district on showing a press card). Four typical civilians of the district would be busy with the formalities at a long table. (I was told that in each district one was a local judge or lawyer.) Each voter was handed two pieces of white paper, one with a *Yes* printed on it, the other with a *No*, and an opaque unmarked envelope. The voter went behind a curtain, inserted which he wished into the envelope, disposed of the other slip as he might choose, sealed the envelope, came out and dropped it into a sealed box. (This method of slip into envelope is standard Greek electoral procedure.) The polling was orderly and pleasant, an obviously gossipy, cheerful occasion. I didn't see the actual counting of the ballots, but the number of persons involved for each box and the fact that each precinct —including very small ones in the country—were reported separately would seem to make significant fraud at that point unlikely.

The voters were thus free to say *No* at the ballot box; except for the most ignorant or timid, they could see that they had that freedom. Thus, in spite of the one-sided preparatory indoctrination, I am inclined to believe that at least a majority and probably a substantial majority meant their *Yes*. That *Yes*—for this sort of referendum is always a plebiscite—was not so much

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a verdict on the text of the constitution, which is a pretty complicated affair, as a vote of confidence in the regime; or maybe, more exactly, a vote of non-confidence in any presently available alternative to the regime.

Many voters may not have put much enthusiasm into their *Yes*. But for a man or woman of common sense who was not a Communist, liberal ideologue or diehard monarchist, what would have been the point in a *No*? The colonels were in the saddle anyway. They had done not too badly, all in all, in their seventeen months. They had managed to please lots of people, ranging from peasants whose debts were forgiven to students who no longer had to pay for textbooks to teachers who could move up now that there was compulsory retirement of the ancients who had held two-thirds of the professorial chairs. Their promises look good on paper and maybe they'll keep some of them. And they seem to know how to handle those damn Communists. Besides, we're all Greeks. In face of all that anti-Greek talk abroad since the coup, a *Yes* vote is a vote for Greece.

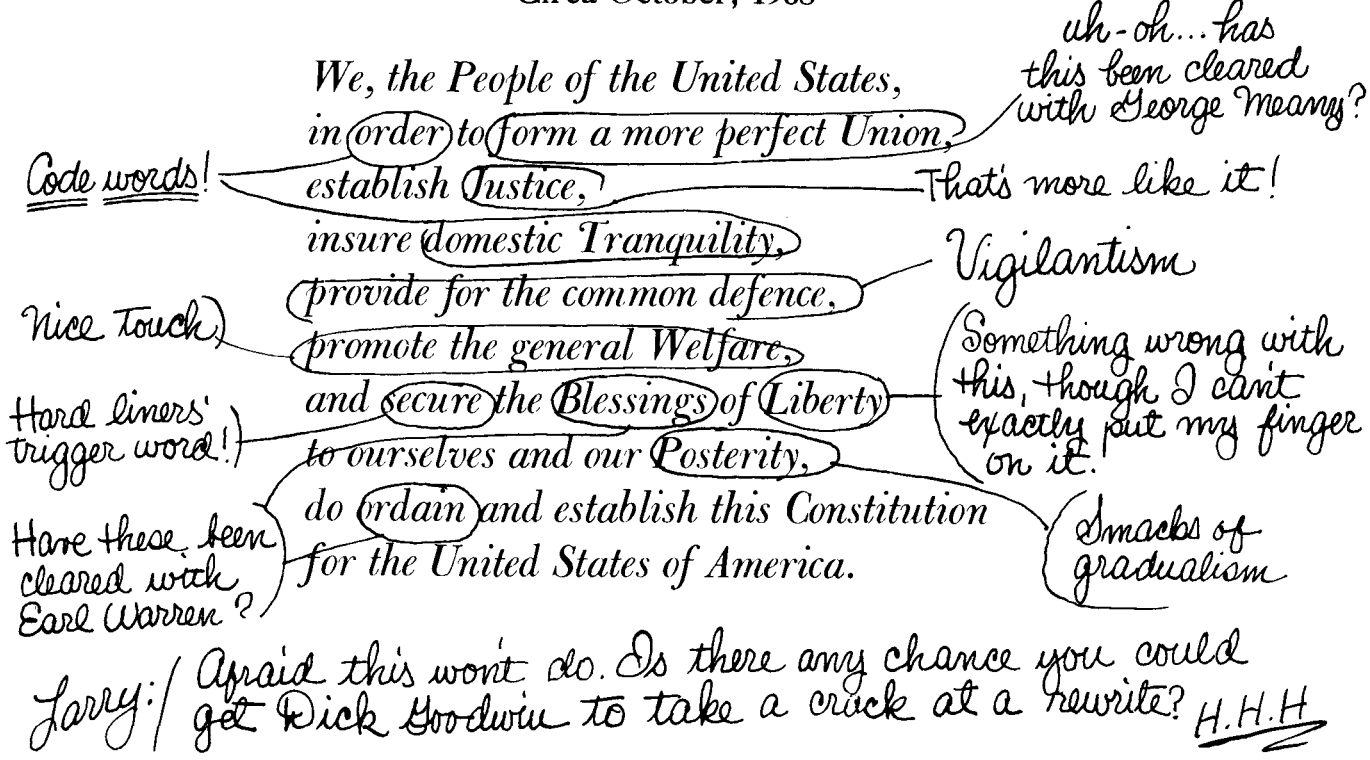
How Particular Can We Get?

Whether this estimate is right or wrong, it should be easy enough to set a sensible American policy toward Greece, if only we cut through the ideological miasma. What do we want from another nation, anyway? If we're only willing to be cooperative with angel-nations, we'll have a lonely road ahead. Granted we ought not condone a government that commits major human outrages; nothing of that order is in question in this case.

Greece, along with Turkey, occupies a crucial strategic position for the defense of the West against the expansive threat of the Soviet bloc. The collapse of Greece would mean Soviet advance into the Middle East and the entire Mediterranean basin, and the collapse of NATO's strategic structure. The present Greek regime has proved its stability through seventeen months of rule and has now been greatly reinforced and partly legitimized by this successful and peaceful referendum. The regime is unqualifiedly anti-Communist, and resolved on firm defense against any Soviet-bloc thrust. The regime is anxious for close political, military and economic relations with the United States. What more do we ask for, before lifting the restrictions, most notably the arms embargo, imposed in response to the coup? Are we going to wait until Andreas Papandreou becomes Premier in a government of a Greek Popular Front? □

The Vice President Copyreads The Preamble

Circa October, 1968


We, the People of the United States,
in order to form a more perfect Union,
establish Justice,
insure domestic Tranquility,
provide for the common defence,
promote the general Welfare,
and secure the Blessings of Liberty
to ourselves and our Posterity,
do ordain and establish this Constitution
for the United States of America.
uh-oh... has this been cleared with George Meany?
Code words!
That's more like it!
Vigilantism
Nice touch)
Something wrong with this, though I can't exactly put my finger on it.
Hard liners' trigger word!)
Have these been cleared with Earl Warren?
Smacks of gradualism
Larry: Afraid this won't do. Is there any chance you could get Dick Goodwin to take a crack at a rewrite? H.H.H

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THE CZECH OCCUPATION

The Importance of the Lie

SUZANNE LABIN

CZECHOSLOVAKIA proves two things: That Communist regimes cannot coexist with the Rights of Man and that the Western guardians of human freedom and human dignity show less courage in the face of danger than the rebels against Communism on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

No one with any sense believed that Soviet tanks rumbled into Prague because Czechoslovakia was menacing the physical security of the Soviet Union. That, almost word for word, was Hitler's pretext for his invasion of the same unfortunate country thirty years earlier. The security of the USSR would not have been menaced by Czechoslovakia had the country, as a whole, moved into the Western camp.

Although the Nazi and Soviet invasions are equally odious, in the case of Hitler the motivation was territorial ambition. Hitler wanted land. The Soviet leaders want power more than they want land. They want not to extend the vast territories over which they already rule, but to shore up the totalitarian authority recently menaced by liberalizations in Czechoslovakia and other satellites. The Bolsheviks are political animals rather than doctrinaire economists as they are so commonly presented. To be sure Czechoslovakia is economically important to the Bloc. But the reason the Soviets moved, as Moscow has admitted, is that any real liberalization in whatever corner of the Communist empire imperils what is of paramount importance to the Kremlin: that totalitarian power which it has never ceased to exercise against its own people and which was threatened by the heady prospect of liberty in Prague. Liberty is a contagion that could spread to Russia itself. It is not only liberty itself, but the example of liberty, even the mention of liberty that the Communists cannot accept. Communism must destroy liberty on its frontiers or have liberty destroy it from the rear.

The liberalization that was taking place in Prague was reflected in the communications media: the press, radio, TV. This was unacceptable to the Communists for whom thought control is all-important. The Kremlin opposes a free press with sophistries, with ruses, with cunning, with hate—and if all indirect methods fail, then it brings on the tanks. What the Soviet troops occupied first were the newspaper offices, the radio and television stations, the printing plants, movie studios, press agencies, the universities—the places and all the instruments which men use to communicate their thoughts to other men.

Down through the ages conquerors have always struck first at the sources of wealth. Communist invaders strike at the sources of speech. You can correctly assess the situation by saying that the Kremlin invaded Czechoslovakia with 700,000 men, 7,000 tanks and 1,000 planes to re-establish censorship of the press: Soviet Russia risked a general war to preserve the lie.

This aspect of the situation has not received enough attention in the free world. And yet, how much it reveals. How clearly it shows the error of those who define Communism in economic terms, or as a social mission, or as the ritualistic carrying out of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine. How clearly, how sadly, it demonstrates that Communism is just another oppressive political system. The characteristic trait of Communism is not just the collectivization of the means of production and exchange, it is the subjugation of the mind.

And now I come to the second part of my thesis: the apparent congenital inability of the free world to recognize the Communist reality.

Rarely has the failure of the West to react to the crimes of the Communists been so clearly demonstrated. Let us pass over the Yalta agreements and the Hungarian revolution which showed that the West will never lend military assistance to those willing to rise up and die for liberty on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

But the West could at least have helped the embattled Czechs politically and morally. We know that the Communists are very sensitive to public opinion. But at this level the failure of the West was all but complete. In Italy, at least, enough sympathy was generated for a debate in Parliament, and the adoption of a resolution of condemnation. But the Germans, the principal target of the affair, rushed to turn the other cheek and to move their military maneuvers as far as possible from the Czech frontier. The English gave forth with a few confusing statements, but didn't cut down by a single parcel their trade with the aggressor nations.

In France, Foreign Minister Michel Debré said that the political entente with the Kremlin would not be disrupted by a "traffic accident." It is true that General de Gaulle later condemned the invasion, but he canceled out the effect of that condemnation by trying to draw a parallel between the Soviet bloc, which crushes liberty, and the American non-bloc that respects it. And how did America react? By making known, from the very first hours, that the Czech patriots could not count on her. She refused to call a special meeting of NATO and proclaimed that she would continue trying to build bridges between the U.S. and the USSR (the better for Soviet tanks to cross the Atlantic?), and blocked all maneuvers to bring the problem before the General Assembly of the United Nations, the only world forum capable of condemning the USSR since the Security Council is paralyzed by the Soviet veto.

This abdication by the West no longer astounds us. Hasn't the West preached that Communism is becoming more liberal, that the cold war is over, that the system is becoming more humane? Hasn't it celebrated passive coexistence at a time when in Vietnam, in Thailand, in India, in the Middle East, in Nigeria, in Guinea, in Colombia, Communism is in fact at work against the free world? None of the Western progressives who preach that the bad old days of Stalin are over, made an effective protest at the second invasion of Prague. These apologists will shortly return to their erstwhile complacency toward the Kremlin, and the Kremlin knows it. Here are 700,000 Communist soldiers camping along a new sector of the German border. Here is a new step in the unification of Europe

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Why Not Rockefeller and McCarthy?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

If the British press and television commentators had been choosing America's Presidential candidates, there wouldn't have been a moment's hesitation. It would be a contest between Rockefeller and McCarthy. The only Republicans who rate a kind word in British editorials are those who might just as well be Democrats: and the only Democrats of whom the commentators approve are those who have come out strongly against the Vietnam war.

After the conventions, these commentators, like the young dissidents in America, found themselves without a candidate to support. This should have made—and to some extent it has made—for more impartial reporting.

In British eyes, Richard Nixon has still not shed his "Tricky Dick" image. When Nixon visited London in 1963, Harold Wilson was careful to avoid being photographed with him "in case some of him might rub off." As one newspaper, recalling this incident, observed dryly, "Who wouldn't want to be photographed with whom now?" Nixon may not be much admired, but he doesn't produce the sort of hysterical indignation which Goldwater provoked.

The British press is quite prepared to report him fairly, as it was not prepared to report Goldwater fairly. The trouble is that neither the editorial writers in London nor the British correspondents in America seem to have any real feeling for the issues, any incisive understanding of what concerns, and what stirs, the ordinary American voter. They reflect almost exclusively the opinion of New York and Washington, of liberal intellectuals, of the upper middle class.

It seems a curiously aristocratic attitude for people who are so devoted, in theory, to the principles of participatory democracy. But then this is surely the same paradox which underlay the resentment displayed by McCarthy's young supporters in Chicago and elsewhere. They apparently believe, or at least they behave as though they believed, that superior education and intelligence entitle them to win, even if the majority of the American electorate disagrees.

As a political doctrine it's debatable: but it doesn't make for accurate analysis of a current political situation.

Louis Heren, the Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, who was among the most virulent in attacking Goldwater, expressed mild and condescending approval of this year's Republican platform, not because it said anything in particular, but because it seemed to him satisfactorily free of conservative elements.

The anti-Communism of Eisenhower's message, and of some of the things which Nixon said, earned frowns from the British commentators. They were disturbed too by the priority which the Republicans seemed to be giving to law and order over civil rights and the war against poverty.

When Nixon was nominated, one newspaper headline read: "Despite the ballyhoo, the Republican Party steps back into the past." And that pretty well summed up the reaction. A lot of people, having been fed on a diet of unmixed liberal assumptions, were simply puzzled by the choice. "Isn't it extraordinary," they said, "that the Republicans should prefer to lose with Nixon than win with Rockefeller?"

Events at the Democratic convention rather changed the emphasis. They stimulated a great wave of anti-Americanism. British newspapers were full of comparisons between the Russians' brutality in Prague and the brutality of Mayor Daley and his policemen in Chicago. There were, it was admitted, a few slight differences, such as that nobody actually got killed in Chicago, but essentially—so the argument ran—these were both manifestations of the same attitude, the corruption of the superpowers.

The foreign editor of the *Daily Express*, who had been in Chicago, wrote that to describe the police as pigs was "an insult to humane and intelligent animals." Everyone was too angry to ask what legitimate object the demonstrations could have had in the first place and what precautions Mayor Daley ought to have taken against the revolutionaries' avowed intent to disrupt the convention.

One can hardly blame the on-the-spot reporters, since several of them—including Winston Churchill, Sir Winston's grandson—were roughed up. The American correspondents in London who appeared on television might have done something to redress the balance, but as usual didn't. They are, it seems to me, remarkably half-hearted champions of their country. It was left to Theodore White, being interviewed by a BBC correspondent in America, to explain in dry and lucid detail how long in advance, and with what unpleasant intent, the riots had been planned.

The BBC is in charge, by international agreement, of televising the American election to the whole world outside the United States. British audiences were given several hours a day from the conventions: and what was new this time, and particularly useful, was that these transmissions were taken direct from the American networks, with only marginal explanatory comments added in London during the commercial breaks.

Some viewers who had never seen an American political convention before were shocked by the vulgarity and apparent frivolity of what was going on. But at least they were getting it straight, with a minimum of editorial distortion.

The studio discussions were, and are, another matter. The alternate use of Karl Mayer from the *Washington Post* and Anthony Lewis from the *New York Times* ensures a consistent, but scarcely a balanced, point of view. The BBC's own resident expert, Robert MacKenzie, is a Canadian whose sympathies are admittedly to the left.

Even after Chicago, the policies, if not the personnel, of the Democratic Party were discussed much more warmly than those of the Republican: and Hubert Humphrey's political position and ideas received considerably more attention than Nixon's, although Nixon's chance of putting his ideas into practice seemed obviously greater.

(Continues on page 1079)

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RUSSELL KIRK

VOLITION IN INDIANAPOLIS

FROM THE ACADEMY

Although it is better known for velocity than for volition, the capital of Indiana is a conservative city which retains a good deal of its old character—particularly the American and Hoosier talent for creating voluntary associations to make unnecesary what Professor Frank Tannenbaum calls "the evil benefits of the welfare state." Indianapolis long has known what Dr. Daniel Moynihan discovered only last year: that our cities cannot be governed from Washington.

Like every other big town in this country, Indianapolis has been ravaged ever since the Second World War by downtown blight. Yet Indianapolis has retained powers of recuperation superior to those of many cities. The two Pulliam newspapers, the *Star* and the *News,* are more imaginative and more ready to furnish leadership than those of most places the size of Indianapolis; a young Republican mayor, Mr. Richard Lugar, well-educated and vigorous, was elected last year; and there emerged providentially upon the usual scene of urban decay some very unusual citizens who have undertaken a grand work of restoration. Women have been especially eminent in this labor.

AMONG THEM is Mrs. Margaret Moore, prime mover in the Indianapolis Anti-Crime Crusade, which has taught clubwomen and others the art of making the city a safe place to dwell, and co-author, with M. Stanton Evans, of *The Law Breakers.* The General Federation of Women's Clubs is carrying throughout the land Mrs. Moore's model program for law-stiffening and court-watching, street lighting and neighborhood clean-up, school drop-out-saving and police improvement. The rate of crime has diminished perceptibly in Indianapolis, through the cooperation of the Crusaders and the city administration.

Some months ago, I made the acquaintance of another remarkable Indianapolis woman, Mrs. Mattie Coney, leading light of the Citizens' Forum, Inc. Mrs. Coney is witty, indefatigable, and a Negro. Helped by her husband, Mr. Elmo Coney—who left his own business for this good work—and by a slim budget from the Lilly Endowment principally, Mrs. Coney has engaged in teaching people to lift themselves by their own bootstraps. Loving her country, she has acted on Burke's principle that "for us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely."

The most successful undertaking of Citizens' Forum has been the vast clean-up of inner-city—indeed, some outer-city—neighborhoods. Mrs. Coney and her colleagues now have about 770 active book-clubs, whose purpose is to improve residential areas, get people to know one another and cooperate, inculcate manners and morals, teach respect for schools and teachers, counsel the puzzled and distressed, and bring about harmony among white and black.

Although most of the officers of Citizens' Forum are Negroes, the general membership of this bi-racial organization consists of approximately equal numbers of white and Negro citizens. Were a hundred more organizations such as this formed throughout this country, we would know genuine urban community once more.

After all, any large reforms begin by brightening the corner where we are. Citizens' Forum begins literally in that fashion, clearing away the junked cars and refrigerators, bringing in teen-agers and clubwomen to tidy whole streets, developing neighborhood self-respect and therefore personal hope.

"Bad neighborhoods develop because individuals fail," Mrs. Coney says. "Negroes must change their environment by their own efforts. If I am a sloppy, dirty, noisy, rowdy neighbor in one part of town, I will be the same in another neighborhood. You just do not get culture on a moving van!"

Love of neighbor and love of country are the Coneys' first principles. It is sufficiently ironical that the ideologues' schemes are financed liberally out of federal grants and foundation benefactions, while Citizens' Forum does its far more benign and effective work out of the most slender of purses—not that the Coneys would accept largesse from the federal treasury, that being contrary to their whole understanding of voluntary community. Far from desiring power, the Coneys stand for freedom.

I AM very much alarmed about the lack of teaching in our schools of courtesy, discipline, punctuality, and truthfulness," says Mrs. Coney, who had three decades' experience as an inner-city teacher. "I wish schools would teach that freedom is not free. You work at it from the time you are born until the time you die. Our schools must teach that someone must pay the bill for everything. The idea of expecting a 'Great White Father' to hand one something for nothing has created a class of irresponsible welfare slaves. We must get rid of the idea that all one needs is to satisfy one's gullet, get drunk, have children, and throw them out into the community to let someone else care for them."

On the sound principle that one doesn't literally cut someone he has been introduced to, Elmo Coney gets neighbors, previously anonymous, to shake hands and tell one another their names. The mugger, as he points out, is not ordinarily a murderer; and not only would it seem rude to cosh someone you have met, but it would be impolitic—since he would know your name, and remember you.

Citizens' Forum gives all sorts of help freely. The address is 3211 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis—an obscure store-front amidst the blight. Membership is $1 yer year. This is only a candle in the urban jungle, but it burns with a clear religious light. □

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Power, Reason and Arrogance

The Essence of Security: Reflections in Office
By Robert S. McNamara
Harper, $4.95

WILLIAM R. KINTNER

This book provides a guided tour through the brilliant, complex, arrogant and sometimes naive mind of Robert Strange McNamara, the man who dominated the Defense Department from 1961 to 1968. It consists of slightly edited versions of a number of major speeches or policy statements made by the Defense Secretary during his term of office. It is revealing for what it has to say, for the omniscient style employed, and for the lack of discussion of decisions which received widespread criticism.

The purpose of the book is to set forth "the principles and philosophy by which I have directed the activities of the Defense Establishment." In the preface, McNamara pays tribute to "a superb group of colleagues," the list of whom is "impressive enough to deserve a chapter by itself." The list includes, by name, his civilian deputies, the service secretaries, the numerous assistant secretaries, such as Arthur Sylvester and Adam Yarmolinsky. The only military men mentioned by name are the three chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and four personal military aides.

Chapter One, "Where We Stand," published before the August 1968 Soviet suppression of freedom in Czechoslovakia, but written while the Soviet-fueled war in Vietnam continued, and after the Soviet-supported Arab-Israeli June 1967 war and the North Korean seizure of the *Pueblo*, tells us that "solid friends and implacable enemies are no longer so easy to label, and labels which did useful service in the past, such as 'free world,' 'Communism,' and 'Iron Curtain,' seem increasingly inadequate as descriptions of contending interests within and between blocs."

"Where Interests Collide" discusses the U.S. confrontation with the Soviet Union and Red China. While recognizing the Soviet strategic buildup, increased naval activity in the Mediterranean, and support for North Vietnam, it observes many constructive features in Soviet policy, but "recent events in China reflect none of the careful calculations of the Soviet Union." The idea that the Soviets benefit from the war in Vietnam—because it diverts our attention from Europe, forces the United States to expend resources at some twenty-five to thirty times the level of Soviet support to North Vietnam, and diverts Chinese attention away from the Soviet frontier—apparently never enters Mr. McNamara's mind.

Having earlier commented on constructive Soviet behavior in Laos at the time of the 1962 settlement, he admits that "internal conflict is greater in Laos than it is in Thailand, primarily because external involvement there is greater." While reporting "a substantial increase in the North's [Korea] harassment and intrusion along the Korean demilitarized zone," he neglects to mention the *Pueblo* incident. Could it be that cost-effectiveness considerations were responsible for sending a virtually unarmed, unescorted vessel on a risky mission?

Turning to South Asia, we are told that "Moscow gives the impression it is aware of the dangers inherent in renewed warfare between India and Pakistan and is exercising restraint in military assistance." Nonetheless, the Indian government is buying military hardware from the Soviet Union at an annual rate of a half billion dollars. Moving to the Middle East, Mr. McNamara recognizes that "clearly the area stands high on the Soviet scale of politico-military priorities. However, the Soviets probably do not plan to acquire formally permanent bases in the Mediterranean and the Arab world." He recognizes the importance of Western Europe to American security and therefore devotes a single chapter to NATO and the forces of change. Optimism regarding the forces of change is tempered by his recognition that the Soviet Union will remain a great military power. He believes, however, that "the thawing process of the East and West is well advanced on both sides of the Elbe." Recent events suggest that this optimism was a bit premature.

MR. MCNAMARA STATES that the crucial issue confronting NATO militarily is "the proper response to a limited aggression below the level of a strategic nuclear attack on our homelands." His solution to this problem is to urge a buildup in NATO's conventional forces. The Soviet leaders probably "would not believe that the nations of NATO would agree to run the great risk of using nuclear weapons to counter a limited form of political or military aggression." He adds, "It is both dangerous and deceptive to suppose that the Soviets are less intelligent than we, or that they would be disposed to believe in a bluff that we ourselves questioned." Parenthetically, the reader notes that in another context McNamara categorically questioned the intelligence of the Soviet leaders' decision to deploy an anti-ballistic missile system.

Despite the fact that the NATO nations have not heeded our plea for a buildup of conventional forces, and because the war in Vietnam has led to a reduction in our deployed forces in Western Europe, he argues that the goals proposed could be met because "we discovered that the actual size of

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the Soviet ground forces was substantially less than had been estimated previously." This discovery was made by some of Mr. McNamara's civilian analysts; the joint chiefs never concurred. The perversion of intelligence by civilian planners was a frequent practice during the McNamara regime. The United States' efforts to stress a conventional defense in NATO have not been reciprocated by the Soviet Union. In fact, the Soviet Army, well-trained, equipped and organized for nuclear war, is in a better position to wage such a war than are the NATO forces.

Because of the balance of payments problem, Mr. McNamara hints that it may be necessary to reduce our forces in Western Europe, unless our allies are willing to pay a greater share of the cost of keeping them there. McNamara argues that future U.S. strategic airlift capability will make such a reduction militarily feasible. This runs counter to the views expressed by Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who has stated "our security needs in Europe cannot be principally met by long-range heavy-lift aircraft."

"MUTUAL DETERRENCE," the subject of Chapter Four, is an edited version of a speech delivered in San Francisco on September 18, 1967, in which he announced the decision to deploy a "thin" ABM defense. Ninety-five per cent of that particular speech was devoted to explanations why such a defense should never be deployed. Notably, the part of the speech concerning a "thin" ABM defense is omitted from Chapter Four and an explanation of the omission appears in Appendix I of the book.

The views expressed in this chapter have dominated United States policies regarding our strategic forces for the past three or four years. But when Mr. McNamara entered his office in 1961, the United States enjoyed an immense strategic advantage over the Soviet Union. When the next President of the United States assumes office, the Soviet Union will be ahead of us in many elements of the strategic equation, primarily because of the fact that Mr. McNamara can visualize no possibility that the Soviet Union might attempt to gain strategic superiority over the United States and exploit such superiority to its political advantage. Mr. McNamara argues that both we and the Soviets have achieved an assured destruction capability, which means "the ability to inflict unacceptable damage upon any single aggressor or combination of aggressors at any time during the course of a strategic nuclear exchange, even after absorbing a surprise first strike." He argues that neither side has or can achieve a first-strike capability, which requires "the elimination of the attacked nation's second-strike forces" (p. 53). For a long time the United States possessed a first-strike capability, so defined, against the Soviet Union. This it now lacks.

Mr. McNamara asks, "Is the Soviet Union seriously attempting to acquire a first-strike capability against the United States? Although this is a question we cannot answer with absolute certainty, we believe the answer is no." In measuring strategic superiority, Mr. McNamara argues, "the most meaningful and realistic measurement of nuclear capability is the number of separate warheads that can be delivered accurately on individual high-priority targets with sufficient power to destroy them." He also argues that the United States' assured destruction capability will be maintained in the future no matter what the Soviets do, because of our penetration aids and the ability of many of our launchers to carry multiple warheads. United States missiles, presumably carrying such warheads, were tested in August 1968, but it is unlikely that operational missiles will be deployed until the early Seventies. Mr. McNamara contends that we are in an arms race with the Soviet Union over strategic weaponry; but, in fact, we have coasted while the Soviets have raced. He reiterates: "Unlike any other era in military history, a substantial numerical superiority of weapons today does not effectively translate into political control or diplomatic leverage."

MR. MCNAMARA'S basic strategic flaw is that he can see only negative deterrent value in strategic nuclear weapons. He cannot contemplate how even marginal superiority can be politically useful either to ourselves or to our adversaries. His concept of assured destruction implies mutual suicide. His system of targeting is designed to kill the adversary's population and destroy his industrial base. Soviet targeting, on the other hand, is designed to destroy our command posts and military capabilities, and only collaterally our population and industry. Mr. McNamara's team of systems analysts were highly selective in the development of strategic interaction models and in their manipulation of intelligence regarding Soviet strategic forces. These analysts have maximized the difficulties confronting defense and minimized the difficulties confronting the offense. For example, they claimed that the fireball effect of a nuclear explosion would black out defense radar; they paid less attention to how the radiation in the fireball might damage or destroy the circuitry in the offensive reentry vehicles. The systematic bias employed by Mr. McNamara's analysts led to mutual destruction in every nuclear exchange they calculated, and justified their chief's strategic decisions which have permitted the Soviet achievement of strategic parity.

At the same time, Mr. McNamara's strategic concepts neglected the positive deterrent role of nuclear capabilities,

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Random Notes

■ Books: Ignazio Silone, one of the last of the good old anti-totalitarians, has done *Emergency Exit,* a collection of essays including one on his break with Communism (Harper, November, $5.95). . . . Henry Miller's lifelong affair with the brush produced *To Paint Is To Love Again* as well as lots of paintings, twenty of which are reproduced in color in a handsome new edition of the book (Grossman, $10). . . . New anthology of that old hippie, Vachel Lindsay: *Adventures in Rhyme and Design* contains the pamphlet *Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread,* cartoons from *The Village Improvement Parade,* all of *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty,* more, more (Eakins Press, $7.95).

George F. Kennan's *Democracy and the Student Left* started as a provocative anti-New Left magazine article; is now expanded to fill a book (Harper $5.75; Bantam paperback, November, 95 cents). . . . At last, after years of lawsuits and other obstructions by the subject's family, Francis Russell's new book is on its way: *The Shadow of Blooming Grove—The One Hundred Years of Warren Gamaliel Harding* (McGraw-Hill, November, $10; less if you belong to Book-of-the-Month Club—adv.). . . . Other biographies: *Ulysses S. Grant: Warrior and Statesman,* by the late Maj. Gen. U.S.G. III (Morrow, February, $12.50); *Sinatra: Twentieth-Century Romantic,* a depthy thing by Arnold Shaw (Holt, October, $5.95).

■ Disasters—I) Natural: Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts have done *The Day The World Ended,* about the super-spectacular eruption of Mt. Pelée on the island of Martinique that killed 20,000 people back in 1902 (Stein & Day, November, $6.95); Robert W. Wells has *Fire at Peshtigo,* about the flash forest fire that did in a million acres of trees and 1,200 people one night in 1871 (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). II) Man-Made: C. P. Snow's new novel, *The Sleep of Reason* (tenth, mind you, in the projected eleven volumes of the "Strangers and Brothers" heap), involves poor dull old Lewis Eliot in a grisly, moors-type murder case—*cf.* Lady Snow's avid interest in such things (Scribner, 1969); Robert Rimmer, whose *The Harrad Experiment* took us to a free-loving college campus, has escalated to *Proposition 31,* in which a hardy band tries to make multiple marriage the law of the land (NAL-World, November); Nat Hentoff has written a novel for "young adults" i.e., teen-agers) about a hung-up, draft-objecting hero and associates even less savory —*I'm Really Dragged But Nothing Gets Me Down* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95); Bernard Geis (the dirty-book outfit) has published and Grove Press (ditto) will distribute one Maggie Rennert's *A Moment in Camelot* ($8.95), thinly-disguised epic of the Kennedy family in which, surprise, the President's *wife* gets assassinated.

■ For Fun: In *The Rivals,* Jerry Izenburg recalls great clashes from the world of sport: Louis *v.* Schmeling, Dodgers *v.* Giants, War Admiral *v.* Seabiscuit, Owens *v.* Hitler, etc. (Holt, $5.95). . . . Richard Linkroum has written a novel, *One Before Bedtime,* in which white liberal girl is about to marry w. l. boy until her w. l. father (a pharmacist) accidentally turns him black whereupon *she* finds out she's not so liberal, *he* becomes a black nationalist hero, and so on and on until they're reunited, one in life and one in color (which?) (Lippincott, November, $4.50). . . . W. C. Fields' very own immortal words on life, liquor, kids, dogs and more, together with stills from his movies, are to be found in *Drat!* (World, $4.95).

particularly in crisis situations. The net result of his strategic approach has been increasing United States self-deterrence with consequent erosion of the national political will to confront the Communist powers. Thus the seeming paradox emerges of a man being at once director of the nation's military power and leader of the United States arms-control effort. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. has written of him:

> Next to the President, McNamara . . . probably did more than anyone else to sustain the disarmament drive. With his sense of the horror of nuclear conflict, his understanding of the adequacy of existing stockpiles, his fear of nuclear proliferation, his analytic command of the weapons problem and his managerial instinct to do something about an irrational situation, he forever sought new ways of controlling the arms race.

Mr. McNamara states that "both of our nations [the United States and the USSR] would benefit from a properly safeguarded agreement first to limit and later to reduce both our offensive and defensive strategic nuclear forces. We believe such an agreement is fully feasible since it is clearly in the interest of both our nations." There is no evidence that the Soviet leaders share Mr. McNamara's opinion. He ignores the fact that the conflict managers who run the Soviet Union, whose minds have been conditioned by the ruthless "logic" of dialectical materialism, may see immense advantage and opportunity in the very actions and deployments he so categorically rejects.

Chapter five, "The Choice of Weapons," illustrates how the principles previously enunciated have been put into practice. The chapter ends with a plea for public understanding of his policies. After all, "it is we who should stand humbly with the power and responsibility in our hands, for we know the consequences if we fail."

In Chapter Six, "Managing for Defense," Mr. McNamara focuses on what might well be his major achievement. He discovered that the National Security Act provided the Secretary of Defense with all the power he needed, but that there was a lack of essential management tools needed to make sound decisions on the crucial issues of national security. His first innovation was the introduction of the functional budget, which grouped together for planning purposes units which must fight together in the event of war. His second innovation had to do with the procurement of new weapons. He insisted that the process of choice must begin with the making of a solid case that the proposed system would really add something to our national security. While perhaps theoretically sound, in practice this procedure has drastically reduced innovation in our weapons development. Next, Mr. McNamara introduced the planning-programming-budgeting system, which, he states, "is now being widely applied throughout the United States Government and is being introduced in foreign governments as

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well." Again, this approach has some value, but the claims being made for it are excessive: "It provides the mechanism through which financial budgets, weapons programs, force requirements, military strategy and foreign policy objectives are all brought into balance with each other." It is doubtful whether Solomon would claim so much. The former Secretary describes at some length the Defense Department's cost-reduction program, but gives little or no mention to the cost-effectiveness program, for which he has been so roundly criticized.

Chapter Seven, "On Gaps and Bridges," deals with the technological gap that has developed between Western Europe and the U.S.A. Mr. McNamara attributes the technological gap to deficiencies in European educational systems and to a lack of management skills. His personal philosophy is reflected in such statements as, "to undermanage reality is not to keep it free. It is simply to let some force other than reason shape reality." He simultaneously attacks "the dubious economic theory that only through massive military research and development can a nation industrialize with maximum speed and benefit to its domestic economy." It would seem a paradox then that the United States leads in those areas of technology which are most closely related to either the pursuit of military power or space endeavors.

A SET OF SPEECHES which he delivered in 1966 and 1967 is consolidated into Chapter Eight, entitled "New Missions," in which he argues that the vast resources made available to the Defense Department could contribute to the attack on our tormenting social problems, both supporting the basic defense mission and the equality of our national life. To this end he introduced three ground-breaking programs. The first was "open housing" to break down racial discrimination in off-base housing of military personnel. The second, "Project 100,000," was designed to educate 100,000 disadvantaged young men by training them for two years in military service for productive civilian lives. The third, called "Project Transition," was to prepare three-quarters of a million men leaving military service annually for a positive role in society. The three programs seem eminently worthwhile.

"The Essence of Security," drawn from a speech delivered to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Montreal on May 18, 1966, introduces an old straw-man, namely, "an almost ineradicable tendency to think of our security problem as being exclusively a weapons or manpower problem." Most of the address is devoted to violence in the so-called developing countries. "There is a direct and constant relationship between the incidence of violence and the economic status of the countries afflicted." Many students of revolutionary insurgency flatly disagree with this conclusion. One need only observe that since 1968 violent upheavals have characterized the domestic life of the United States, France and Czechoslovakia, some of the most highly developed nations on earth. There is an almost Marxist tone in McNamara's linkage between economic progress and political stability.

This speech also addresses itself to relationships between adversaries, arguing that improved contacts between ideologically divided nations reduce the danger of potentially catastrophic misunderstanding and increase incentive for both sides to resolve disputes by reason rather than by force. Mr. McNamara seems to argue that the more you know another person, the better you like him. Occasionally this happens.

In a brief epilogue, McNamara asserts that the United States and the Soviet Union have acted with reasonable restraint in Cuba, the Middle East, Vietnam and Berlin and will probably continue to walk the path toward greater global rationality. He reiterates his view that the further proliferation of nuclear weapons would be a backward step on the same path. He then suggests that the stability of relationships among rich nations is affected by the stability and institutions of the poor nations. Apparently he believes that upheavals in the underdeveloped part of the world will present the major danger to the United States in the coming decade, a view contested by, among others, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations George Ball. McNamara makes his point succinctly: "It becomes clear that a dollar's worth more of military hardware will buy less security for themselves [the industrialized nations] than a dollar's worth more of developmental assistance." What this view overlooks is the fact that only the Soviet Union now, and perhaps Communist China later, can directly threaten the security of the United States. In the 1962-1963 issue of the *Naval Review* I wrote:

> Mr. McNamara is no simple accountant —he has a fine mind and he learns fast —and the visceral understanding of war is clearly not beyond his grasp. Without question Mr. McNamara knows that it can be potentially disastrous to have a Secretary of Defense who does not possess in his vitals a sense of when the use of power is appropriate and whether the strategies for its use are adequate.

Against such criteria, I do not believe that on balance Mr. McNamara achieved the potential he had to be a great Secretary of Defense. It was an anomaly that a man of his pacifistic bent was asked to preside over the greatest military machine on earth. His excessive rationality could not properly cope with political uncertainties. A "rational" decision, the abrupt cancellation of Skybolt, helped destroy the cohesion of NATO. The guidelines he established for the conduct of the war in Vietnam may in large part be responsible for the dilemmas that now confront us. Mr. McNamara's errors issued from his special competence: he was a manager but chose to act as a commander. Had he served as a deputy to an Elihu Root or a James Forrestal, the improvements he made in the management of the department would not have jeopardized the ability of the President and his senior military leaders to assure the present and future security of our nation. □

Hornblower During the Crisis.
by C. S. Forester
Little, Brown, $4.95

THE ADMIRAL OUTLASTS THE EMPIRE

JARED LOBDELL

The late C. S. Forester observed in his *Hornblower Companion* that "American publishers always want to change titles," and it is perhaps to be expected that his last and unfinished novel—which comprises the main portion of this rather scrappy volume—should have appeared in England under the title *Hornblower and the Crisis,* and that one of the two short stories making up the rest of the book should bear the flat title *Hornblower's Temptation* in this country, and the more intriguing one of *Hornblower and the Widow McCool* across the Atlantic. If he knows about it, I suspect Mr. For-

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ester is much amused.

In 1914 two men (so we, with countless followers of Conan Doyle, would believe) stood on an English shore looking toward Europe where the lamps were going out. Without recourse to the *Complete Sherlock Holmes,* I recall their conversation went something like this—"There's an east wind coming."—"I think not, Holmes. It is very warm."—"Good old Watson. You are the one fixed point in a changing age. There's an east wind coming all the same. . . ." So we had a last glimpse of Mr. Sherlock Holmes before the world of Baker Street died in the trenches of France. And here, in the final story in the book, we have Admiral of the Fleet Lord Hornblower of Smallbridge, blessed with a sound digestion and a wife "whom the advancing years had strangely made more beautiful," his son Richard a colonel in the Guards, in the year 1848, when "all Europe, all the world, was in a convulsion of change." It is good to know how the story came out, for all that another story and another world are clearly in the making.

MORE THAN THAT, the parallel with Holmes is not merely factitious. Greater novelists than Doyle and Forester there have been many in this century as in others, but greater creations than Holmes and Hornblower not, to my way of thinking, within the realm of humankind. To tell a story is hard but to invent a character about whom stories cluster is a gift of the muse, unconscious and perhaps even undesired. To be able to write those clustering stories, to be willing to undertake that sublime drudgery, was what set Forester apart even from Doyle. He at least, so far as I know, never tried to kill his hero off.

Doubtless, as I look back, he nodded from time to time. The first five books are almost uniformly good, the others less so though strengthening (I think) toward the end. He himself thought the last page of *Lord Hornblower* was the best piece of writing he ever did, and he was probably right (curiously, unlike Doyle, he was on the whole a good judge of his work). But that book, though technically, I suspect, his best, is my least favorite. Bush and Marie are killed, and the brilliant ending is bittersweet. Which bothers me, for though Hornblower torments himself, it seems to me that *events* ought to conspire to make him happy, as in the end they do, while *he* makes himself unhappy.

Surely Forester's purchase of three volumes of the *Naval Chronicle* as reading matter for a cruise must rank among the most serendipitous of literary accidents in the past half-century. Or so I would say. But the question arises whether the Hornblower novels which grew from this accident are indeed literary in the sense that Joyce's work or (in a minor and slightly cacophonic key) Salinger's is literary. Does not Forester have more in common with mystery-writers (who also invent characters who run through a series of novels), science-fiction bugs, late Victorian romancers like Anthony Hope, than he does with the present-day "literary" novelists? Is not the serendipity I refer to a very low-level sort of thing?

I could of course answer the first question "so much the worse for the literary novelists," but that, besides being unfair, is unhelpful. Anthony Hope is remembered today because he created in Rudolf Rassendyl an archetypical Victorian hero and in Ruritania an archetypical Victorian principality. Rider Haggard is read because he seized upon the mystery of Africa and combined with it the good British stock of Allan Quatermain. Doyle, of course, borrowing from Poe, created him who is certainly the archetype of the ratiocinative sleuth. And Forester, borrowing from nature in the person of Horatio Nelson, created the archetype (for our minds) of the British naval officer.

The other day I saw an advertisement for a book involving a hero hailed as a "successor to Hornblower," or words to that effect. That sort of comparison, it seems to me, is likely to endure. More than that, it seems to me that the question about the creation of Hornblower being a low-level thing misses the point entirely. If one were a Platonist, and if one prayed as well to the Muses, would not one be overjoyed if the prayer were answered, and somehow (not knowing how) one were given to create a character who was widely and properly recognized as the embodiment of a true archetype, of (in short) a Platonic form? That, it seems to me, is something like the true picture, and explains why the Hornblower books should live.

Besides which, of course, they will be read because they are (to borrow a Victorian phrase) rattling good stories. □

Tomorrow Will Come
By E. M. Almedingen
Holt, $4.95

THEY CALL IT A REVOLUTION

GUY DAVENPORT

This is a book about a woman who remained sane in a time of madness. It was written in 1936, written lucidly, truthfully, and with a firm exactitude that seems at times understatement, until we realize that only a few have been gifted with the mastery of words necessary to present such turbulence in its proper fire. Here we have instead cold truth exactly put. In 1936 no one was interested to publish it; twenty-five editors returned it before the *Atlantic Monthly* ran it in 1941, just when one of the people whose life it records, Esther von Hirschheydt, was sentenced to twenty-five years in a labor camp in Siberia. This new edition notes that she died there at some time between November 1966 and January 1967. Miss Hirschheydt and Miss Almedingen survived the Revolution together, but only Miss Almedingen, now a medieval historian and authority on the Romanov Czars, escaped.

She now lives in England in the comfortable city of Bath at an address as tranquil as honeysuckle on a trellis: Brookleaze in Nettlebridge at Oakhill. Her childhood was spent at other addresses—cheaper and cheaper apartments receding from the Nevsky Prospekt as her mother sank into genteel

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poverty; the Smolny Female Institute (where her estranged father had taught, a scientist of some note in his day); and after the autumn of 1916 in corners of lightless, waterless, heatless rooms assigned by the People's Block Committees to others. The world into which she was born ended one evening in her teens when she was returning in a sleigh from a friend's house. Half of Petrograd seemed to be on fire in the distance. "They call it," the sleigh-driver said in reply to her question, using a French word that startled her, "They call it a *revolution*."

WHAT HAPPENS TO a modern city when all of its complex mechanism stops is beyond the American experience. The spigot gives no water; the electricity is dead. The butcher has no meat to sell, the baker no bread. There are no doctors, no firemen. The telephone is silent. There is nothing to be had anywhere, neither an aspirin nor a safety pin nor a pencil. This life, as strange as that of another planet, came upon Petrograd like a plague. Miss Almedingen and her mother were allotted a box of a room in a tenement. When her mother died a few months after the revolution began, Miss Almedingen was turned into the street by the Housing Committee. She found various jobs: typing for a Communist black market headquarters, working in a hospital, keeping house for a batty old lady whose furniture was possessed of the Devil.

These short grasps at hope were vacuum pockets in the first onslaught of the terror. The bleakness set in proper after the first winter. People made soup out of bark and went mad in the street. Starving children ran through alleys like rats. It was in this blackest period that Miss Almedingen was persuaded by Miss Hirschheydt to try for the university which, vaguely encouraged by the Communists, was kept going in a kind of somnambulism. Students could sleep in the halls of the university. Dressed in window-curtains and a bit of carpet, Miss Almedingen passed her exams and undertook a seminar in medieval history. She wrote her papers on paper bags and with a quarter-inch of pencil; and was envied for having come by such luxuries.

The Communists were at first dubious of universities (hotbeds of counter-revolution). Their plan to teach the world Esperanto and thus spread the gospel was soon discarded as impractical, and a Soviet university was founded in Petrograd. Here Miss Almedingen was given a post as a history teacher; her brother, a Communist and fellow teacher, shunned her. From here she began to break out a little from the total horror of the starving and paralyzed Petrograd. She went to Moscow to work with the American Field Service, to discover that Moscow was as bad off as Petrograd. She fainted at the sight of a can of American condensed milk, and wept with hysteria when she was given it. Children thin and hot-eyed as marmosets leapt from a doorway and snatched a loaf from her hands.

In Moscow she began the torturous process by which she eventually—and incredibly—secured a passport to visit Italy. Her first chance to escape coincided with a bout of influenza and she could not go. The second time came at the end of a year's battle with red tape, forms, bribes, lying to petty officials, and struggling to keep up hope. Police examination of the passengers at the ship took all day and far into the night. She left. She did not return.

THE FIRST IMPACT of this strange and heroic book is its realistic account of a revolution from the underside, wholly from the point of view of a young lady who knew nothing of it until it happened, and who had to survive it as a victim. The second is that it pictures the collapse of a civilization. The story has been told over and over, in history books and in fiction. By now the Russian Revolution has taken on the dimensions of legend. Madame Lenin spoke of its "slow grandeur"; the moving-picture *Doctor Zhivago* made it look as sweet as the Salvation Army marching against sin.

Miss Almedingen offers no political opinions, makes no passionate statements about civilization, extracts no conclusions; she is not writing that kind of book. Brilliant historian that she is, she chose rather to write a book in which one can feel page by page the anguish of the revolution and the loss of the civilization it destroyed. But it is the kind of book every wise reader prefers to the cold diagrams of the history book. Facts hide the knowledge they pretend to convey; real history is knowing that there was a time in one of the most civilized of cities when a broken shoelace was the last shoelace in the world. □

MUSIC

AN ADULT'S GARDEN OF ROCK

C. H. SIMONDS

Come down off the roof, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Nobody's going to roast you alive on a pyre of your own Mantovani records—though you can't be blamed for thinking so what with all that mass-media scare copy on The New Music, complete with brain-scream color photography and scary references to Drugs, Sex, Revolution & Co. You like music, right? But you don't like rock, uh-uh. If you like music you like rock, because rock is like any other music: much of it is awful (just the way *The Poet and the Peasant* or Julius LaRosa is awful), some of it is good. The good is what you can hear again and again, with enjoyment; the bad is what you can hear-without-hearing over and over without once being tickled or rubbed. The badlands stretch all the way from Strauss waltzes through Muzak to the bubble-gum pop of today ("Yummy, yummy, yummy, I got love in my tummy!"). Good rock or good anything else can be a simple bar or two that sticks to the back of your mind, or a dense layer-cake of music that offers something new with each new hearing; it is what you cannot talk during, what you can learn to like.

And good rock is not, for the most part, what you hear on boors' transistor radios or leaking out of your eleven-year-old daughter's room; almost none of it makes the Top Forty. Which is my point: people dislike rock for the same reason other people dislike other music —unfamiliarity. Thus it is that sharp-eared types can sieve out of a happy Beatles number called "Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite" dozens of references to drugs (only to learn later that the lyrics were lifted straight off a nineteenth-century circus poster belonging to Ringo Starr); and you can whip just about any group of over-thirties into foaming frenzy by calling attention to such irrelevancies as the length of the performers' hair, the eccentricity of their dress and the stridency of their simple-minded generational revolt (a predictable reaction, or overreaction, to their elders' equally simple-minded mental earwax). →

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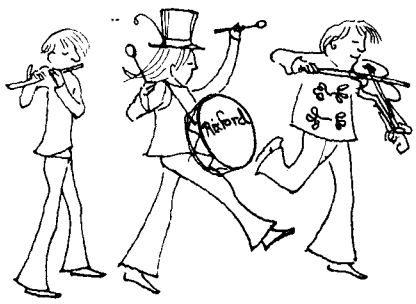
Listen to some good rock and post-rock—as music, not as social protest or grist for cocktail conversation; listen, don't dissect, and ignore the analyzers and meaning-mongers who swarm the land. Herewith some recent good things:

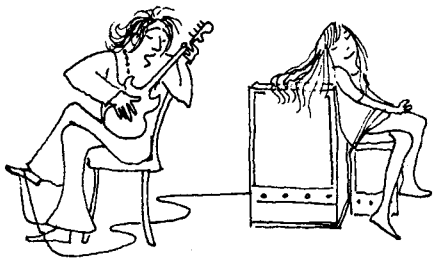
FIRST an album that isn't rock except for the instrumentation: *The New York Electric String Ensemble* (ESP 1063), two electric guitars and an electric bass playing agreeable baroque music of Morley, Telemann, Corelli, Purcell and Bach. The trio is thoroughly at home with the music and plays it straight, thus avoiding the cute-trickiness of the Swingle Singers or that five-day fad of a few years ago, "baroque-rock." The album is as legitimate an offering as, say, Bach partitas played on the piano instead of the harpsichord. And besides being good music well played, it points up an interesting kinship: though the beat that defines rock is absent, baroque has a similar beat (not implicit tempo, but an explicit, voiced part of the music) of its own in the thorough-bass and ground-bass or continuo.

This offers possibilities for experimentation, like that undertaken by *The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble* (Atco SD33-240)—three of whose members are Juilliard-trained, the liner notes inform us with ill-concealed pride (with equal pride, we are assured by their liner notes that the Electric String Ensemble are all musical illiterates). To establish their credentials the players run through the fugue from a Bach trio sonata on oboe, English horn and cello continuo—competently, if a bit busily—and then dive, without pause, into "She's Gone," with standard rock beat and rock vocalizing into which



baroque-y underpinnings on piano and organ fit nicely and naturally. The two periods alternate in some songs; in others they are mingled, usually with such skill that the dividing line is undetectable. "Sounds of Time" is pure rock except for a veneer of woodwinds; in "Began to Burn" both periods vanish and the song is sung over a background of melodious cello and electric guitar-gone-harpsichord. And in "Poor Pauline," a scoffish song about the hippie/drug scene, electrified baroque runs punctuate straight rock guitar and vocals; the thing is held together by an unchanging rock beat on drums and bass. One especially pleasant song, a happy-tootley thing called "Mr. Tree," reappears at the end of the album in four instrumental variations entitled "The Seasons" and scored for guitars, cello, organ, triangle, calliope, sound effects and somebody whistling. It's a fine piece of music, especially the quavering, tentative "Spring." Space forbids discussion of the group's lyrics, all of which they do themselves and which are agreeably intelligent and unpretentious.

Ars Nova (Elektra EKS-74020) goes beyond baroque to the craggy, alien-sounding music of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Here again the blending of two supposedly disparate musical styles is successful and un-gimmicky—I suspect because the two styles have more in common than might be assumed, and because Wyatt Day, the group's composer, has respect for both along with considerable talent. Alongside the electric standbys he uses organ, bass trombone, trumpet and string bass—and no studio accessories like vast superimposed orchestras; the jacket announces smugly, "All selections performed in their entirety by Ars Nova." Here again the musical proportions vary, and a couple of tracks are not at all rock *or* Renaissance. There are stumbles: the winsome "Pavan for My Lady" borders on self-conscious artiness of the Simon and Garfunkel variety, from which it is rescued by a guitar-gone-lute and the bass trombone. (Day is handy with the brass-percussion combination that is one of the staples of early secular music; processional trumpets and tambours wander in and out all through the record.) "March of the Mad Duke's Circus," with its Hieronymous Bosch lyrics, open fifths and raggy beat that suggests both Brueghel's dancers and our own, is one of the most thoroughly medieval compositions this side of Carl Orff. The group is conventionally rock-y in some numbers, notably a funny poke at computer dating called "Automatic Love"; they even do Spanish things with lugubrious vocals and rippling guitars in the lament, "I Wrapped Her in Ribbons."



SO MUCH for what the trade papers have taken to calling "art rock." Never dismiss The Beatles, even if they do dress funny and say naughty things about Jesus for people to misinterpret. They are rock only sometimes (less and less), but always The Beatles. A new album will be out any day now; meanwhile, if you haven't already, sample *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol SMAS 2643). Two years old though it is, it represents the culmination (so far) of a development that began in the early Sixties when they recorded "Michele," with its change of key at Bar Two, over a chorus of cellos, and began growing up along with their screaming fans. *Sergeant Pepper* offers songs of varying musical sophistication, most of them playful and with roots deep in the English music-hall tradition. Hell, how can a group that sings things like "Lovely Rita, meter maid, nothing can come between us/ When it gets dark I tow your heart away" be a menace to Western Civilization? By singing other things (on the *Magical Mystery Tour* album, not *Sergeant Pepper*) like "Crabalocker Fishwife pornographic priestess boy you been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down/I am the eggman, they are the eggmen, I am the walrus GOO GOO GOO JOOB"? What's *that* mean? About as much as "Scat-boodley-oo-bop," thanks.

The sitar is no longer heard in the land, hooray; The Beatles' flirtation with it yielded "Within You Without You," in which it is used to haunting effect (they abandoned the sitar, I'm sure, precisely because it *was* an effect, like the poor old Maharishi Whatsisname). *Sergeant Pepper* also contains "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" which is perfectly obviously about drugs, so what. And after the fun is over and Sgt. Pepper's band has gone galumphing on its way, find "A Day in the Life," which I do not venture to describe beyond saying that it is very definitely a menace to Western Civilization.

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A single from the pending new album has been released, offering "Revolution," a Cockney-commonsensical protest song from the other direction, and "Hey Jude," one of those numbers in which The Beatles start out gently, almost matter-of-factly, lyrical and then trowel on successive layers of sound until the song is all but lost under three choruses and seventeen orchestras—fun, rather, but they've done it before. No doubt there are surprises in store.

Finally, rock-rock: screaming voices, shrieking electric guitars, sexual under- and overtones, the freak-out thing. It has a way of picking up people; rather, knocking them down with the big bad beat and then carrying them away on clouds of super-amplified electronic wails. One of the better groups is Big Brother and the Holding Company, whose newest (and last) album, *Cheap Thrills* (Columbia KCS 9700), features the singing of Janis Joplin, who is either good or atrocious (maybe both?) but in either case unforgettable. There is a bluesy agony in her voice, sort of a top-of-her-lungs Billie Holliday; she is a roughed-up cousin of The

Jefferson Airplane's Grace Slick. She sounds not sexy but sexual. Belting songs like Big Mama Thornton's "Ball and Chain" and her own "I Need a Man to Love," she is devastating: something looms above the sonic gyrations of the band, and who cares if it's unmelodious—she's got it, even if her grip weakens in "Summertime" and things get strained and squeaky.

All of this is meant to suggest and to nudge. Rock is a catherine wheel exploding in a hundred different directions—Bob Dylan goes country, or does he?; Cass Elliot of The Mamas and The Papas stops kidding old throbbers and sings them straight; The Rolling Stones abandon pseudo-psychedelia and fall back on hard rock; then there's Soul, another country. Try it all—not on Top Forty stations (too much clutter), but on late-night FM or with the guidance of a knowledgable post-teenager. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

". . . AND OTHER DIRTY STORIES," *by Larry L. King (The New American Library, $5.00)*. Larry King is one of those tediously *in* journalists whose glossy and occasionally excellent prose clogs the pages of pretentiously imperative literary magazines like *Harper's*. Like the rest of his all too slick breed, he is at his best when dealing with the non-event, the vapid individual, or the blatantly boring. By his own admission, he is the kind of writer book-page editors seek out when they need to have a genuinely bad book reviewed—such as the autobiography of Hedy Lamarr or the memoirs of Lyndon Johnson's mother. (He confesses to a deep-seated longing to review the *opera omnia* of Uncle Nick Kenny and the Sears, Roebuck Christmas catalogue.) The trick, of course, is to get the kind of people who read journals like *Harper's* interested in boring and trivial subjects, which, come to think of it, isn't really so very difficult. King's specialty involves putting on the *persona* of the "poor-Texas-countryboy" (which in fact he is) and striking out at what he believes to be the foibles of the snobs and simpletons of this world. He is a good deal more literate than many of his peers in the realm of slick magazine journalism, and as a result occasionally writes an interesting essay. That is, as long as he's not selling his own rigidly dogmatic brand of politics. Perhaps if King devoted more time to being intelligent and less to being clever, he might develop into a first-rate essayist. As things stand now he is one of the better pop-journalists, a fact which may serve, once again, to remind us of the low state of contemporary American letters. Many of the pieces contained between the covers of . . . *And Other Dirty Stories* were good reading when they appeared in *Harper's*, and will probably be of some interest to those readers interested in fugitive literature; but whether they warranted re-publication in book form, remains to be seen. P. P. WITONSKI

AMERICA, I-LOVE-YOU, *by Ralph de Toledano (The National Press, $7.50)*. Ralph de Toledano has seen much during his prolific literary career, and because what he writes is based on a firm and wise philosophical foundation, subsequent events rarely discredit his observations or embarrass their author. (One exception—his enthusiastic anticipation of the Goldwater campaign in 1964 as "the winning side"—has been tactfully omitted from this collection of essays and columns.) Toledano knows how to demolish a target, whether it be Walter Reuther, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the ACLU, Henry Cabot Lodge, the proposed National Data Bank, or the anti-Rhodesia ideologues. Robert Strange McNamara gets—and deserves—dissection in eight of the selections in these pages. But the author of *Spies, Dupes, and Diplomats* is at his best when writing about spies, dupes, and diplomats, and there is enough of that here to tease you into discovering or re-discovering those earlier Toledano spy volumes. Included is his touching obituary in NATIONAL REVIEW (July, 1961) of Whittaker Chambers. D. FRANKE

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

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DELECTATIONS

Venice in Winter

CHARLES FOLEY

VENICE. Water, light and stone. *Vaporetti* and water-taxis bustle along the Grand Canal, churning waves against the walls of sagging palaces. A ghostly, therapeutic peace is shared by pigeons and hopelessly lost tourists in small squares. Ominous across the milky lagoon lie Mestre's dark refineries.

Venice is not for intellectuals, and intellectuals are not for her. "Nothing is left to discover or describe," shrieked Henry James, hurling his Ruskin into the canals, "and originality of attitude is impossible." But clever visitors will keep trying; which results in judgments like D. H. Lawrence's "abhorrent, green slippery city"; or Gibbon's: "I was afforded some hours of astonishment and some days of disgust by the spectacle of Venice."

It is for romantic sensualists: Hemingway loved it, gloating over his corner suite at the Gritti Palace, former home of a fifteenth-century pope, Andrea Gritti, and now an air-conditioned, elegantly decorated hotel, with a restaurant on a floating platform in the Grand Canal. Hemingway's shade also haunts Torcello, remote, creepy island which legend says was one of the first to shelter Italians fleeing from the northern barbarians. Terror gave birth to Venice. Hemingway used the locanda Cipriani as a workshop, staying at the small inn, rising at six to write, hunting duck in the afternoons, throughout a winter.

Winter in Venice is hell, but has snob-appeal—as Danieli's register shows. Alfred de Musset and George Sand booked in at the great hotel on December 7, 1833. Alfred caught cold and George fell in love with the doctor who brought the physic.

Winter is still *the* time. Harold Macmillan, a tall, stooped figure in an extraordinary old black overcoat reaching almost to the ground, stays at Cipriani's, which is part-owned by the Guinness family. Sir Osbert Sitwell may be found at Danieli's, from which he emerges for excursions in a wheelchair. "I first came as a child seventy years ago," he says. "Now I come to enable old friends to visit me, since my home (in the Tuscan hills) is *rather* inaccessible."

Nothing left to describe? Only people—the wealthy, famous, eccentric—who find in Venice a spiritual home. The old story of the four Kings (Greece, Spain, Yugoslavia, Holland) who found themselves seated together, but at separate tables, in Harry's Bar, and nodded pleasantly to one another is surely true. A remorseless flow of celebrities may be checked in Harry's worn leather guest-book: from Grand Duke Dmitri to Jimmy Durante, and the Duke of Windsor to Douglas Fairbanks.

Venice breeds hoteliers of distinction. Consider the major-domo at the Bauer: Signor Luigi Tortorella (the name means "little dove") has been called "the Doge of Venice." He is bald and bland, but under the golden crossed keys on his lapel lies a musicianly breast. His song, "Love Is a Gondola," won the 1962 Alassio Festival. "Venice, I Love You" is world-famous. His "Ave Maria"—dedicated to Pope Paul VI—has emerged on an LP disc sung by Italy's greatest tenor, Franco Corelli. Stravinsky stayed at the Bauer, and was enthusiastic about it, says Tortorella.

He is a major-domo of mettle. He holds airplanes with a telephone call while lady clients dash by *motoscafo*

to the airport. He supplied customers' sons, stranded in Paris, with new passports, cash and tickets by a call to his friend, the Italian Ambassador to France. *Reader's Digest* once wrote a piece on this Most Unforgettable Porter. "I got 25,000 letters," he says. "No money in any of them."

For Tortorella-type service, you must stay in a luxury hotel. But must Venice be expensive? There are a dozen restaurants as good as Quadri's or the Taverna La Fenice, but less splendidly appointed and modest in price. It is a shock to be charged six times the normal price for your ice at Florian's; but this is the world's most famous café on the world's most beautiful piazza. Lean back, let the gold mosaic glimmer through half-closed eyes as it catches the sun on St. Mark's façade, and consider due tribute paid. Venice is cheap. *Pensioni* in the Salute, Giudecca and Zattere areas, housed in Renaissance palaces, charge a few dollars a day. Venetians approve the restaurants sufficiently to eat there themselves.

Is Venice overcrowded in high season? In St. Mark's Square, on the Grand Canal, on the fashionable Lido beaches, of course it is; that is what these places are for, people. But out in the lagoon for those who seriously seek peace, lie silent islands crowned with churches. A steamer trip takes you in twenty minutes to long beaches shared with few, where great white liners glide through the entrances of the inland sea.

How to save the Queen of the Waters from its own element is the ultimate problem of Venice. The level of the Adriatic is rising, and the subsoil of the city is sinking. Every wintry high tide floods St. Mark's Square. Some 14,000 homes have been declared uninhabitable. More than half of Venice's 325,000 citizens now live on the mainland.

The government is currently paying out $15 million, simply on strengthening and repairing the four-centuries-old system of dykes that shelters lagoon from sea. But the total estimated cost of saving Venice will be something more than $500 million which includes the construction of giant floodgates across the mouth of the lagoon. Architects and engineers meet this month to discuss the plan, which is to go into action by 1970. Much later than that, and it will be *Addio, Venezia.* □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. State which sent Poor Richard to the Senate	35 86 135 155 198 5 49 103 180 185
B. Neighbor of WORD A	43 3 105 66 9 156
C. One of a pair of short cantilevered timbers supporting a wooden arch	47 34 78 118 129 175 177 188 194 12
D. If Nixon carries this, it will be a landslide	71 11 121 85 89 117 14 22 52 55 61 77
E. Drugs used to calm or soothe	87 114 106 154 83 70 133 119 42
F. A blunt or barbless arrow	90 183 145 163 25 84 171 4 168
G. A state which sends contrasting types to the Senate	98 113 134 64
H. A city near Manchester, England	116 33 131 141 92 167
I. State where Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born	7 15 187 46 2 79 36 96
J. Remarkably unusual persons, things, or events	125 158 190 72 146 94 132 56
K. State which produced a three-time loser	139 48 32 120 130 153 101 144
L. What many politicians did	151 182 191 44 136 74 201
M. Senator and investigator whose methods certain people approved; seen by millions on television	160 164 172 57 192
N. State which sent a leading football coach to the White House	186 200 149 97 147 128 59 165 107
O. State which will send a great American back to the Senate this year	13 19 199 73 76 162 29
P. Three men who were born in the Carolinas were residents of this state while President	195 166 100 30 174 16 161 189 142
Q. Anything conceived of as springing or proceeding from a main stock	1 95 115 123 99 67 26 108
R. A place that provides special care for the ill, aged, and infirm	82 18 193 173 109 45 27 102
S. River of which the Mississippi is actually a tributary	126 196 50 179 20 38 10 51
T. A city on the Tennessee River	181 63 81 88 93 122 124 127 159 37 58
U. A pharmacist in England	80 137 21 170 53 197 111
V. Part of the Confederate navy; home of the balance of power a century later	110 6 39 65 176 184 178
W. To talk rapidly	148 150 112 140 69 28
X. People who had an unusual way of riding a horse fooled them	157 40 23 75 138 104 54
Y. A person born of parents of different races	17 152 8 24 68 143 62 169 41
Z. Pirate pitcher, 1924-'27	60 31 91

See page 1078 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 I	3 B		4 F	5 A	6 V	7 I	8 Y	9 B	10 S	11 D		12 C	13 O	14 D
15 I	16 P		17 Y	18 R	19 O	20 S	21 U	22 D		23 X	24 Y		25 F	26 Q	27 R	28 W	
29 O	30 P	31 Z		32 K	33 H	34 C	35 A	36 I	37 T	38 S	39 V	40 X	41 Y	42 E		43 B	44 L
	45 R	46 I	47 C	48 K	49 A	50 S		51 S	52 D		53 U	54 X		55 D	56 J		57 M
58 T	59 N	60 Z		61 D	62 Y		63 T	64 C	65 V	66 B	67 Q	68 Y	69 W	70 E	71 D	72 J	73 O
74 I		75 X	76 O	77 D		78 C	79 I	80 U	81 T	82 R	83 E	84 F	85 D		86 A	87 E	
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118C	119E	120K		121D	122T	123Q		124T	125J		126S	127T	128N	129C		130K	
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LABIN

(cont. from p. 1065)

from the Urals to the Atlantic—under the Soviet bulldozer. Here we are a little closer to the hour of our servitude.

And why this complicity on the part of the progressive intelligentsia of the West with Communism, this suicidal complicity? How can one understand how those who pride themselves on nonconformity can be sympathetic toward a system which makes censorship the supreme good?

Behind the Iron Curtain, the Communist leaders aspire to more and more national independence, but what the people are yearning for is a more personal freedom: liberty of thought, of speech and of movement. In truth, the underlying problem of the Czechs, the Rumanians, the Albanians, the Chinese and the Hungarians—more important than the problem of national sovereignty —is the problem of liberty, of human dignity, of the Rights of Man.

When you come down to it, the only firm NO to Communism in the past decade has come from the muzzled lips of its own subjects. The West continues to betray this faith. But the people of the satellite countries and of the USSR itself keep it, nonetheless. And they will end by making it triumph, alone, and against all odds, because this faith is what it means to be a man. □

LEJEUNE

(cont. from p. 1066)

As a result of all this coverage, ordinary British people are becoming quite sophisticated about American politics. They have begun to grasp, however imperfectly, the process which takes a man to the White House.

But, because virtually all their information comes to them through liberal filters, their view is slightly, but significantly, distorted. They firmly believe, for example, that if Bobby Kennedy had lived, he would have been certain to win, not only the Democratic nomination, but the election. Not surprisingly, they are always being surprised—just as they were surprised about France, when General de Gaulle, whom they had been led to believe was both unpopular and a spent force, emerged as such a sweeping victor. Similarly, they were astonished and appalled—or, to be more precise, the commentators were astonished and appalled on their behalf—when the American public seemed to support the Chicago police.

If only the liberal filters could be removed, there would be more light and more understanding. Ordinary people on both sides of the Atlantic might find that there was much less difference between them than they had been led to suppose. □

GOLDWATER

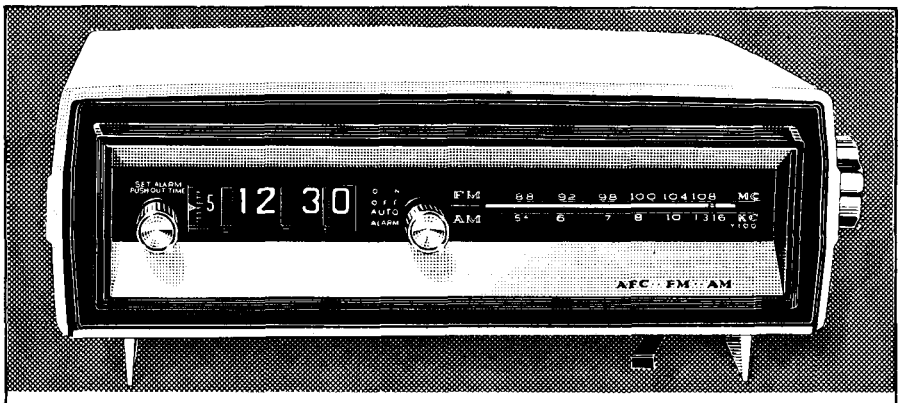
(cont. from p. 1061)

He does not think that the maintenance of law and order and decency is "unconstitutional."

And Nixon knows that the real vitality of America does not rest with the planner in Washington—with a remote and rigid bureaucracy. Unlike Humphrey, he can distinguish between the problems of the Depression and the problems of uneven affluence. He has proposed many carefully considered ways of bringing to bear the resources of all of our society, and not just the resources of the Federal Government, on the complex modern problems that face us. To coin a phrase—Nixon's the One.

Now, let me close by sharing a thought with you. On occasion we have all mused about how good it would be to belong to a party which was completely conservative in its make-up. In fact, as you might suspect, people have asked me about helping them to form a third party. But, as I have said, the establishment of a third party is not going to create any of the answers that you and I want. Conservatives are very prone to be dissidents because we are individualistic in our approach and we tend to be strong in our beliefs and our interpretation of principles and policies. A third party is not the answer for us. I hark back to the old days in 1960 at the Republican Convention when people were urging me to seek the Presidency; when, in fact, my name was even placed in nomination. At that time I said, in effect, that if the conservatives in the Republican Party were unhappy with their Party, the answer was not to be found outside the Party, but by working within the Party.

We conservatives have made great strides since 1960. Let's not throw that progress down Governor Wallace's rathole. Between now and November 5, let's make our voices heard and on November 5 let's make our voices count. □



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Nixon and Wallace

On The Right

New York, Oct. 1—Everywhere, the talk is of George Wallace and his uncanny progress. The uptown moralizers do not depart from the single theme that Wallace is evil, that what he represents is evil, and that therefore he is to be handled about as we would handle the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan whom, we discovered, Aunt Jane was secretly voting for. With some of this analysis I happen to agree, respecting Wallace about as much as I would have Huey Long. But the fact of the matter is that Wallace is on to something, and if that something isn't unconstitutional, it is the right of the people to have it if that is what they want.

Richard Nixon, in a speech in North Carolina, touched on it when he said that in his opinion the Federal Government had gone too far in pressing the Southern states to integrate their schools by denying to disobedient schools federal funds to which otherwise they would have been entitled. This remark by Mr. Nixon brought down the wrath of many of the opinion makers who instantly charged him with attempting to appease Wallaceites. The charge itself is interesting, because it is necessary to go beyond merely the statement of it to decide whether the act of appeasement is venal. If one attempts to appease the Wallaceites by suggesting that the Negroes are and should be maintained as second-hand citizens, then that appeasement is manifestly contemptible. But if one appeases Wallaceites who desire local control of their schools, that is not necessarily venal, any more than the de facto segregation of the majority of New York City schools is necessarily venal.

WHAT needs attention is the question of the appropriate sanction. Senator Charles Goodell, the young New Yorker who occupies the late Senator Kennedy's seat, has been most vociferous in criticizing Mr. Nixon's tergiversation on the matter of withholding federal funds. But one wonders at the appropriateness of the sanction. If a Southern community drags its feet on integration, what is the appropriate penalty? The question is a thoughtful one, and the answer to it, *pace* Senator Goodell, is not obvious.

To begin with, the Supreme Court's famous decisions of 1954 did not assert that de facto segregation was unconstitutional, but that compulsory segregation was. It has never been made clear that de facto segregation is unconstitutional, and there isn't a community in America, however liberal, where bussing of students for the purpose of effecting integration has been successful.

What, then, to do about obviously recalcitrant Southern towns where Negroes attend one set of schools, and whites another? A recent Civil Rights Act decreed that in such situations the Federal Government should deny such subsidies as the community schools would otherwise be entitled to. Nixon's point was that that is an inapposite penalty, and it seems to me that he, and not his critics, has the better case.

The money appropriated is for the benefit of the students, not for the benefit of their parents. Yet it is the parents, not the students, who make the decisions as to whether the schools will be segregated. So that, under present policy, you are to begin with depriving the students of benefits to which they are as a matter of distributive justice entitled. If those benefits are justified in the first instance, it is because they are designed to improve the quality of their education. We like to believe that bigotry feeds on ignorance, and that if we improve the quality of the education, we increase, strategically, the chances of racial reconciliation.

Then, too, how do we justify philosophically the denial of A in order to correct the conduct of A? If a welfare recipient eats only Post Toasties and therefore unbalances her diet, should the welfare worker, on the grounds that she is abusing herself, cut off money for food payments? If you read the wrong books, should your electricity be cut off so that you can't read? Ridiculous, isn't it? But so is it ridiculous to cut down educational benefits to those whom, above all, you desire to educate.

Mr. Nixon can be said here to be appropriating a position of Mr. Wallace. But the difference is plain. Mr. Wallace is, by the record, devoted to the doctrine of segregation. Mr. Nixon is devoted to integration. But most quarrels concern methods by which social goals are reached, and Nixon's position, call it Wallaceite as the Eastern Seaboard liberals inevitably will, is nevertheless the right position. □

'POOR HUMPHREY'

New York, Oct. 5—Poor Mr. Humphrey. First of all, he patiently explained why it was necessary to bomb at least those parts of Vietnam where the enemy gather in great force to prosecute the war in the South. Then, at the Democratic convention, a great debate is staged precisely on the issue whether bombing should be suspended unilaterally, or only after consulting the safety of American troops. Humphrey was in favor of the latter position and so were the majority of the delegates, approximately three to two.

Subsequent figures from the field showed that even as it stands, the limitations in bombing begun on the first of April have resulted in higher U.S. casualties, and projections from the military, read out to the convention by Hale Boggs, were that they would greatly increase if bombing were altogether terminated. Enough? Not for old swivelhips.

Mr. Humphrey next found himself saying, out West somewhere, that as regards the difference debated at Chicago between unilateral cessation of the bombing, and negotiated cessation, there wasn't really any difference. This trivialization of what the participants had considered a great and solemn debate satisfied nobody. The hards maintained that any difference measurable in American lives spared or not spared was quite obviously a significant difference. The softs argued that all of their invested idealism lay in America's willingness to show good faith by unilateral cessation, and poor Mr. Humphrey, no doubt in part under pressure from Messrs. Johnson and Clifford, eased back into the Chicago position.

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And now, bless us all, he implies he has gone clear over to the other side. And we can infer from the tone and emphasis of Mr. Humphrey's speech that he will interrupt the bombing the day he has the power to do so, i.e. on January 20, 1969, always assuming that he is elected.

So many interesting questions are raised. For instance, would Humphrey have been nominated at Chicago if he had appeared there taking the position he now takes? If we assume that the delegates believed firmly in the position they adopted concerning the bombing, then the answer is a derivative no. Would Mr. Humphrey have locked in the nomination if he had been actively opposed by Lyndon Johnson, which he likely would have been had he taken his present position? Probably not.

But Humphrey badly needs the vote of the doves, and evidently counts it more important to woo them than risk losing the well-disciplined votes of the Democratic majority which is unwilling to abandon our military in Vietnam. This would now appear to give Mr. Nixon the opportunity of adopting the Democratic majority platform on the subject of Vietnam, something that isn't handed every day to a Republican contender, and I do hope that by the time this line sees print, Mr. Nixon will have done so.

Poor Mr. Humphrey, how ill it fares for him. Now he has also lost the vote of Mr. Arthur Schlesinger. I do not count that a grievous loss, indeed I would look kindly upon a national resolution specifying Mr. Schlesinger's disfavor as a minimal qualification for high office. But Mr. Schlesinger did get off a good lick when he dismissed the pretensions of the backers of Senator McCarthy as a "semi-precious alliance of college graduates."

The point is that the hard Left has pretty well decided to say no to Mr. Humphrey, and he is quite desperate about it. So desperate that he is swiveling all over the place and, since he tends in any case to freneticism, has managed to appear like one having a nervous breakdown. He has also taken to the theme that Mr. Nixon is appealing to the darker impulses of American life, a phrase he borrowed whole, interestingly enough, from the late Senator Robert Kennedy, who used it about Lyndon Johnson, whom Humphrey is supposed to admire. On September 8, Mr. Humphrey told a convention of the B'nai B'rith that Nixon and the Republican Party have chosen this year to join forces with the most reactionary elements in American society. They are openly competing with Mr. Wallace for the votes of the people who at the very best want to put the brakes on our progress toward full opportunity.

And now just how does all that horsefeathers juxtapose with Hubert Humphrey arm-in-arm with Governor Lester Maddox in Atlanta, Georgia (April 15, 1967), saying, "The Democratic Party is like a big house and has lots of room for all of us. I am happy to be in the presence of a good Democrat."

Much more of the same, and Mr. Humphrey will find himself in that great big house just about alone. □

SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS IN EUROPE

Brussels, Oct. 10 —There is, as everyone knows, a considerable American population living in Europe, about 25,000 in the Brussels area alone, and they care deeply that they will not be able to vote in the forthcoming election because most individual states make no provision for Americans living abroad. It isn't—they complain—as though they are spared paying taxes. They pay exactly the same taxes Americans would pay, those of them who work for American corporations, which means the majority. They feel forlorn about it and every now and then wonder what happened to the old revolutionary slogan, no taxation without representation.

Because of their votelessness, they are largely ignored by politicians on the prowl, which is probably their only consolation. But this year, a few European cities have been subjected to Shirley Temple, Pierre Salinger, and me, lecturing on the merits of the various candidates.

I did not have the pleasure of crossing paths with Mr. Salinger, and I certainly regret it. Of us all, he has had by far the most experience in endorsing candidates. Mr. Humphey is his third this year alone. Miss Temple was a great hit, in part because she has never permitted politics to get in the way of her private life.

That is in a great old Republican tradition, the kind of thing that endeared Calvin Coolidge to Henry Mencken. Mr. Coolidge used to take a very long nap every afternoon, and then go to bed very early after dinner. Mr. Mencken wrote that there is much to be said for any President who turns the White House primarily into a dormitory, but that was back in the pastoral age, when Americans did not demand that their President fill the role of king, God, and hero, in addition to chief executive.

One young lady, ten years or so out of Vassar, asked how one could espouse the cause of Mr. Nixon, when he was so unlike John Kennedy. But—it is suggested—John Kennedy was unlike John Kennedy. That is to say, the Camelot Kennedy was a posthumous blend of Charlemagne, St. Francis, and Winston Churchill. But didn't we realize in America that a President has got to be personally inspiring, that he has to be very attractive to youth, again like Kennedy? In fact, I answered, Mr. Kennedy's appeal to youth (aged 21-29), the only time it was tested, was far less than the registration figures would support. He beat Nixon in that category by a mere 54 to forty-six.

And the figures show that this time, Nixon is getting the same age group by a majority three to two over Humphrey. Well, won't Nixon, then, be a less "fulfilling" President. Well, yes, he will, if the lady will only be fulfilled by a President who totally dominates American life. Such a President as, really, free people oughtn't to have, let alone want.

The lady persevered: that is why America is in such trouble now, because Mr. Kennedy died, and the man who replaced him couldn't satisfy the people, because he is not tall enough. Objection: in the first place Mr. Johnson is a very extraordinary man. But suppose that in America we found a born leader, a brilliant writer, a great national hero, a man of great vision. Why, we'd have found de Gaulle, and the Fifth Republic just about toppled a month or two ago as a result of student dissatisfaction with de Gaulle.

Professor Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth has the thesis (*NR*, Oct. 8) that in the affluent age, in which television brings us an intimacy with public figures we never had before, our tendency to self-indulgence asserts itself, and we care more for style, for personal appeal, for glamor. Above all, for excitement.

Look, he says, if you had three television sets, and each one of them was tuned in on one of the candidates giving a speech, which would you turn to? Right, Wallace. Because that is where the action is. The national ideology, fortunately, excludes him from the Presidency.

But the moral is plain, that we desire from our President something we used to get from religion, because nowadays religion is, for most people, something to invoke on ceremonial occasions: a pastime preferred by only a few, as one observer bitterly remarked, to golf, or canasta. Such a people as wants all of that in a President is ripe for an end to individual freedom. Such a person is, as Professor Oakeshott has observed, an individual manqué. □

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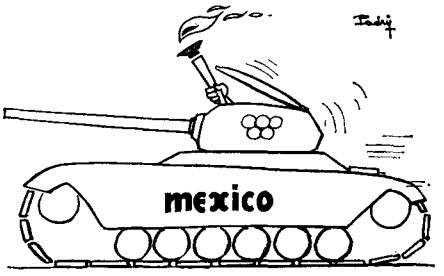
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's the year of the reluctant endorsement all right. The ADA finally came out for **Hubert Humphrey** "with reservations" and just because he's "the best candidate in the race." . . . **Walter Lippmann** believes **Richard Nixon** is "maturer" and "mellower" and anyway the Democrats deserve defeat. . . . **Arthur Goldberg**, who's playing big part in Humphrey campaign in New York, admits that world won't come to an end if Nixon wins. . . . The powerful United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union (organized by the **Communists** in the Thirties, purged from CIO in 1949 for redness) has voted not to come out for anyone, ditto the *Progressive* ("a plague on both your houses"). . . . The *New York Times* has moved ever so slowly and reluctantly into Humphrey's corner. . . . **American Conservative Union** (ACU) —in contrast to its ADA counterpart—has had no reluctance or soul-searching in coming out for a Nixon-Agnew victory. . . . Funniest mini-endorsement of the lot: **Murray Barron**'s of **Jacob Javits**, the man who beat Barron out for the endorsement of New York's Liberal Party. Quoth Barron in coming out for Javits: "Thus the lugubrious voter who is opposed to both extremes confronts a choice between two principled candidates—**Paul O'Dwyer** [who is too left] and **James Buckley** [who is too right] whose principles are abhorrent—and that of Javits, who is as principled as a seismograph."

■ Although reluctant to go it with Humphrey, the ADA has "overwhelmingly endorsed" peace candidate **Allard Lowenstein** and far-left congressmen **Lester Wolff**, **Emanuel Celler**, **William Fitts Ryan** and **Jonathan Bingham**, all of New York. . . . **Eugene McCarthy** has come out for Paul O'Dwyer in New York and for **William Clark**, the unfortunate Illinois Attorney General who is running against **Everett Dirksen**. McCarthy's endorsement, while nice to be sure, won't replace muscle and money that AFL-CIO COPE is withholding from Clark's campaign on orders from **George Meany**. Meany doesn't like Clark's doveishness. . . . In California, **Thomas Kuchel** is now campaigning for Richard Nixon, but, pointedly, not for **Max Rafferty**, who beat him out in the Republican primary. . . . With the polls showing Rafferty trailing **Alan Cranston** right now, **Reagan** aide **Lyn Nofziger** has taken leave to devote full time to Rafferty campaign. . . . Rafferty is the big target of ADA, Council for a Livable World,



Le Herisson, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

Another Sport?

and the **Barbara Tuchman-Henry Steele Commager** outfit whatsitsname. . . . Big mailing against **William Fulbright** going out in what looks like the personal envelope of H. L. Hunt (engraved, even).

■ Other races of interest: In Oregon a big Nixon vote (he's now leading Humphrey 47 to 26 per cent) could be the margin that will defeat Sen. **Wayne Morse**. It's nip and tuck. . . . In Maryland doveish and liberal GOP Rep. **Charles Mathias** given almost even chance to upset hawkish and used-to-be more-liberal Sen. **Daniel Brewster** (Brewster is against suspension of bombing, for strict enforcement of criminal code). . . . The issue that could decide the race in Pennsylvania, where Republican Rep. **Richard Schweiker** is challenging liberal Sen. **Joseph Clark**, is gun control. Schweiker is against it (making him popular in Pa.), and Clark for it. . . . In Florida, the pros now say it's very possible the Democratic seat relinquished by retiring Sen. **George Smathers** this year may land in the Republican column. Rep. **Edward Gurney** is staging swinging campaign against former Gov. **Leroy Collins**.

■ Austrian authorities reported that only 11 per cent of **Czech tourists** who were in Austria at time of Soviet occupation intend to return home. . . . Underpopulated Canada and Australia, both short of professional men, are signing on **exiled Czechs** at fast rate. Said one Canadian immigration official: "For us this is an unprecedented opportunity to get the finest type person in a huge variety of fields." . . . West German officials worried: **Soviets** now have 42 divisions west of the Vistula—fifteen more than before the Czech occupation. . . . Meanwhile, Italy has expelled Soviet diplomat **Ghennadi Roskov** as spymaster of Russian ring that penetrated Italian Foreign Ministry, stole valuable NATO documents. . . . Certain "sensitive" **CIA agents** required to get special permission to board flights south of Washington. Reason: fear that the planes they ride may be hijacked, flown to Cuba. . . . Grove Press will bring out two novellas by **Régis Debray** later this month. French reports indicated Debray, **Che Guevara**'s friend, recently tried and failed to escape from his Bolivian prison.

■ It must be all over for Humphrey. He's just signed on Richard Nixon's 1960 TV make-up man.

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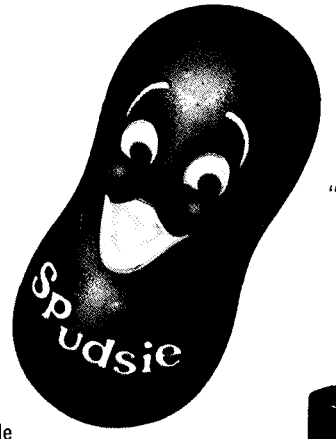

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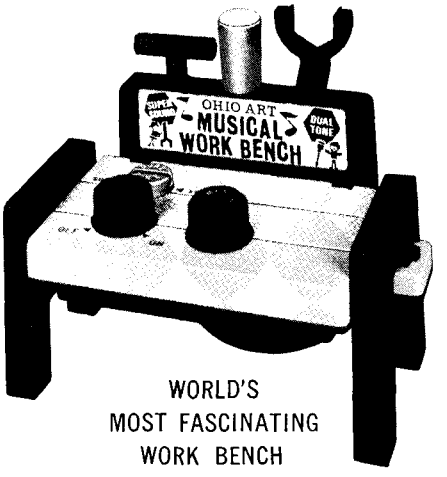

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